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The Start - Chpt. 1

Before the chapter starts, I'll like to mention that the first few chapters, mostly this one, start off rough. It gets better the more chapters go by. :)

.....

Pre year • November 14th • 1:47 pm.

-Dynasty Kingdom

A dim lit hall, about 15 feet tall, filled the space of the castle, older than most of the others. A prince, around 17, walked down. Papers in hands, he walked with no sound on the marble floors.

"Ame! You're going to get yelled at if you just keep walking out,"

A taller prince said, jogging down the hall to the shorter. America sighed and shuffled his papers,

"I don't care Canada."

Canada chuckled and walked next to his brother. The two walked in silence for a moment. Candles on the walls, lighting up the space, flickered. Big windows showed the outside. Snow had just started falling. Snow wasn't a fan favorite in the Dynasty Kingdom (Real). In fact, they rarely get snow.

Canada raised one of America's wings, looking at the rips and tears. Cringing at the blood clumps and old bandages,

"Where you going?"

"Wings."

"Wings?"

"Yes."

America kept walking, his sore wings dragging on the floor. Canada slowed and stared at him.

The prince stopped at a door and knocked. He was acknowledged and walked in. America set his papers down,

"Greetings, Prince America."

The royal doctor bowed slightly towards him and then started grabbing everything the eldest prince needed. Ame sat down on the bed in the middle of the room, resting his wings out and wiping his face off from leftover tears.

Shortly after, Canada opened the door, without knocking, and shut it. Ame stared at him, then darted his eyes away.

"We are going to the Peresvet Kingdom."

"What?"

"Later, around 3."

Ame listened. The doctor raised the american's wings and looked at them. He winced, and the doctor quickly removed his hands,

"Sorry, Majesty."

America shook it off and looked back at Canada,

"Why are we seeing *them*?"

"America, grow up."

"Uhg, oh my god. Don't fvcking tell me that."

"Well, if you weren't acting like a child, maybe I wouldn't."

America sighed and winced again once the doctor started working on his wings again. Fake feathers were attached to the princes' wings. They were a similar color to the original rusty golden color. After they were done, America said his thanks and walked out.

Canada and America walked down the same hall they did before. Ame stretched his wings out and stretched himself,

"You're going to hit me."

The taller brother chuckled, pushing down lightly on his brother's wings. Ame shook and picked up his pace. Canada followed close behind. The halls were long and empty with dull colors, something they've grown into. It was always cold, making them shiver when there wasn't a sun out to warm them.

"Father wants us outside."

Canada told America, picking up his own pace to walk next to him. America nodded his head slightly and fixed his shirt,

"Is that what he said after I left the room?"

"Yeah - yes, yes."

America looked at his brother,

"You need to work on your speech."

"Shut up. You're lucky if we weren't with other people I would be signing right now. Making you look at me."

"As if, wine ass."

"Fvck off."

The two made it to the front. Greeted by a few maids and a guard that opened the door for them. Their two younger siblings, New Zealand, age 12, female, and Australia, age 8, male, were getting talked to. They had blankets and a coat on. A lot more than needed for their kind if weather. America stopped by Australia and looked down at them,

"Why do they have so much on?"

Before he could finish, maids were putting a coat on America and thicker gloves for warmth. He got his hair pulled out of its ponytail

and handed a pair of heavy-duty boots. America took them hesitantly and looked at the king,

"Father??"

"I'm sending you four off to the Peresvet Kingdom early. I have some business to do, so I can't take you later. You are the eldest. You are in charge. And don't be a fuck up like you usual are."

A sharp glare was shot towards the american. He flinched back and lowered his head,

"Yes, father."

As they spoke, Zealand and Canada both got pampered with. Australia was pushed past America and into the carriage. The other two following suit, leaving America with their father. He said his 'thank you' to the maid and started walking to the carriage himself,

"Behave, and act like an adult. You will be having a meeting with the other king."

"What!? Why? Isn't that your job?"

"America."

"Sorry..."

The prince was helped in, and he sat down next to his sister. She leaned against him and closed her eyes. America shifted a bit uncomfortable and groaned. The carriage door was shut with the sound of a small clank.

The trip was quiet and cold. Australia had cuddled into Canadas lap under a blanket, and New Zealand was braiding her hair,

"They're moving me into a higher class."

She said, happily. America looked at her,

"That's good, like you should."

The princess giggled and finished off her braid. She moved her legs up, putting them Indian style.

"I don't like the guy, though."

"What do you mean?"

Canada asked, finally budding into the conversation. Zealand shifted, looking out the small window at the side of her,

"He's creepy. Gives off like... pedophile vibes."

"Alright, Kiwi. Let's not."

America said, tapping the back of his hand against her forehead. She winced slightly and rolled her eyes,

"I'm just saying!"

"That's not going to happen, I promise."

Canada said, fixing how the 8 year old Australia cuddled in his lap, sleeping. New Zealand nodded and kept quiet. America put his shoulder-length hair back up and looked at his brother,

"Father is making me do a meeting with the Peresvet King."

"Isn't he supposed to do that?"

Canada asked, putting his attention onto him,

"I tried to ask, but he didn't tell me shit."

"...hmm. odd."

"Odd my fvcking ass. I'm not even 20 yet."

"You are close enough."

The Canadian remarked. He sat up more, fixing the blanket. The eldest prince groaned,

"Fvck yourself."

The rest of the ride was quiet. The closer they got to their destination, the colder it got. New Zealand had moved closer to her brother, both under a blanket and dead asleep.

-Peresvet Kingdom • 5:13 pm.

It had become dark by the time they had got there. The carriage slowed and America woke right up. A well engraved memory over the years. He sat up and looked around. There were soft glows from outside and moonlight shining down upon them. He woke Canada up and stood. The taller prince yawned and rubbed his eyes, looking around at the new surroundings. Which wasn't too visible, so he didn't see much.

A guard opened the carriage door for them, and they stepped out. Canada was holding Zealand, and America grabbed Australia. The four were led inside.

The castle was a lot different from the place they call home. Halls were shorter, and the ceilings were lower. The walls had a moody dark blue wallpaper and candles in stands from the floor. Windows filled the walls, snow falling down onto the week old piles. Black carpets filling the halls with pearl marble flooring underneath.

Two maids, around America's size, took the sleeping kids and led the princes to the dining room.

America sighed and redid his hair. As they walked, their heels clicked on the ground between carpets. The maids left them on their own once they got to the big doors of the dining room.

The two walked in and looked around the big room. There's a huge dark wooden table decorated with flowers and candles. Patterns engraved in the chairs and sides of the table. The king sat at the end of the table with an older, looking prince at the side. A younger girl around 15 looked up from her plate and sprouted up excited. She had short blonde hair, put up but loose. Another girl, around 7, pulled her back down and looked away ashamed and upset.

America and Canada walked in. Sitting down at the reserved seats. America looked at the boy in front of him, around his age. They

stared at each other before Ame looked at the king,

"Hello, King Union."

America bowed slightly from his seat, Canada following suit.

"Greetings, Prince America, and Prince Canada."

The two looked back up. The king looked at his four children,

"Introduce yourselves."

The eldest looked up,

"Uhm, Prince Russia,"

Russia then looked away again. The girl that stood up smiled.

"I'm Princess Ukraine!"

She giggled and sat down. A smaller girl wiped her face with her hand and muffled a response,

"I- I'm Princess Bel-larus."

Belarus sat up and fixed her hair. There was a boy beside Belarus. He pushed down his wings and looked at his father. King Union nodded and looked at the two,

"His name is Prince Kazakhstan. He's mute, so he can't speak. He can hear, though."

Canada smiled,

"I know sign language!"

America nudged Canada. Canada looked at him, then toned down,

"Sorry, but yes. I could understand him if he did want to speak."

King Union nodded and looked at his winged son. Kazakhstan smiled and signed something with his hands. Canada chuckled.

America shifted, looking at the food on the table,

"Are we eating first? Then discussing the festival?"

The king nodded,

"Yes, Prince America."

America nodded and pushed his wings down. After a few words of faith, they all began to eat in silence. A quiet conversation between Canada and America.

"Zealand and Aussie aren't getting any food."

"I'm sure they'll get some when they awake."

America assured his brother. Canada acknowledged him and ate his food in silence again.

Dinner was finished, and everyone was excused. Leaving America and the king at the table, alone. The king pushed himself up more, sitting up straight. He was handed a folder of papers, the folder the same color as the walls around them. America messed with his uniform, fixing the crooked badge of his father's legacy on his front. *Pathetic.*

"What Kingdom puts their daughter as their next king?"

King Union said, looking up and at the prince. America's stomach dropped,

"What are you talking about?"

His voice was uneasy, covering up a lie.

"... Do you have any papers given to you about next week's festival?"

America furrowed his eyebrows. What quick change of topic? He shifted in his seat, moving forward at the edge,

"No, my father has those. I am sure of it. I was just told that I would

be speaking for him tonight."

The king nodded, sorting through the papers he was handed by the maid. Without any talking or walking, the whole place seemed empty. Which was weird. Usually, in most of other kingdoms, a window, or many, would be open to the sounds of the wonderful outside. Or just general talking of maids, guards on duty break, or just a tick of a clock. Here... **silent**. The prince darted his eyes around the unusual surroundings. From the entrance to the floors, everything seemed empty. Even if it had brighter colors than where they grew up, it's seemed worse.

"Alright... as you are not a king, or may I say *queen*. I will not share much as it isn't your duty yet. But may I send papers to your room before bed so you can look over them. King Brit told me that you are in charge of things the first of this year."

The king gave the folder with the papers back to the maid that delivered then first. Looking back at the prince with a soft glare. America nodded,

"Yes, it's an opportunity to my growth and maturity... I was told."

"Yes, yes... it quite is."

America shifted once again. Uncomfortable in the older man's presence. Understanding him in his accent, which was quite unfamiliar to the young adult, was hard enough. It isn't bad, but on 2 hours of sleep and stress, it doesn't add up.

America was dismissed from the dining hall. America was ashamed of the few words they spoke to each other. He was hoping for more, more information. But at least he got more papers to read from. A maid walked quietly in front of him, leading the way.

"Will my younger siblings that didn't attend dinner tonight get food if they wake up. They do need their nutrients."

The american asked the maid. The maid nodded,

"Yes, Prince America."

America didn't say anything else until they got to his room for the night. The maid left him to his own doings, lighting a candle and shutting the door behind her.

America lit a few more candles and sat on the bed. It was only around eight, but he was done with his royal wearings. There was a basket of neatly folded clothes by the end of his bed on the floor. His outfit for tonight and tomorrow. America slipped off his shoes, then the rest of his layers. He folded them neatly in a pile on a chair, along with his shoes upside down, to not dirty anything. America then slipped on the night trousers with a well-made night top to match.

With a blow for each candle lit in the room, going dark, America laid down in the bed and covered up. Slowly drifting off in the aroma of coldness around him.

(TW: Abuse-Gore)

Foot steps ran down a hall, tears down a young boys face.

"I'm sorry! Please! I don't, I don't want to!"

The boy stopped at the end of the hall, turning around to a taller figure.

"Maybe if you came out like the boy I wanted, you wouldn't be acting like a weak b!tch!"

A foot kicked the boy down onto the ground, landing with a light thud. Tears streamed down his face, cowering down in fear. His light golden wings surround himself, hoping it would protect him.

"You stupid unless child!"

The boy was kicked again. This time in the face, kicking through the wings. Blood ran down the boys nose and mouth, salty tears mixing. With jagged breaths, the boy tried getting up,

"I beg of you, father! Please! I'll ch-change-!"

Before the kid could get up, he was kicked down again. The taller figure pulled out a blade,

"This is what you get. Maybe next time if you listen and behave, we wouldn't have such a problem."

"Father-?"

A scream filled the big spacious halls. Blood ran through cuts on the once beautiful wings. The blade ripped through jagged, bones getting pulled out out of pure pleasure.

"Father! Please- please!"

The boy sobbing on the ground curled up.

"Shut the fvck up!"

Kicked once again. Four times... five. A hand reached down and pulled the boy up,

"Don't be a damn disgrace!"

The boy was tossed down the hall and left for someone else to find.

(12:06am)

America woke up in a cold sweat. He breathed deeply, trying to shake of such short but longing memory. He rubbed his eyes, letting them adjust to the darkness once again. He got up and decided for a short walk around.

Stepping out into the hall silently, it wasn't any different from just a few hours before. America walked down, taking his hair out and looking around the best he could. He didn't walk for long, as he was getting colder as time went by. Turning around, he was stopped by the eldest of the kingdom he was staying in.

The Russian stared at him,

"What are you doing up?"

America stared at him,

"Uh, couldn't sleep. But why are you worried about me? Why are you up?"

"That is none of your business."

Russia scoffed and stepped closer to the shorter royalty,

"You're the one becoming king to the Dynasty Kingdom? Aren't you quite short?"

America let out a small chuckle of disbelief,

"What does my height have to do anything with this?"

"... just... uncommon, I say."

"Sure."

The american walked past him, pushing his hair back and mumbling to himself. America pulled his wings closer to himself, getting a little more warmth. The Russian soon started following him.

"Why are you following me?"

"... My room is also this way. Don't be so rude."

The Russian scoffed, slowing once there was a turn in the hall way.

"Goodnight, Prince America."

The Peresvet Prince said, before walking down the dark hall.

"Goodnight, Prince Russia."

America said back, quietly, almost unheard. He hurried back to his room and laid back down once he made it. Taking in the warmth of the thick blankets and his wings. Soon, drifting back into a new and peaceful sleep.

Words: 2805

Notes: Spelling check

More People? - Chpt. 2

...

(7:24 am)

The american woke up to curtains being opened up and clanking of heels on the hardwood floors of the room. He sat up and yawned, seeing his mother walk through the room with her elegant presence.

"Mam?"

"Oh!

"Oh! mon bébé! bonjour, bonjour!"

(My baby - good morning, good morning)

America yawned and stretched. He got up and hugged his mother.

"Morning, mam."

Queen France kissed her child's head and fluffed his hair.

"I have your outfit for today already here with me! Me and your father got here just an hour ago. We left quiet early this morning to get here for breakfast."

America took a step back and looked at his outfit. It looked like his usual, just cleaner. The queen smiled and left so he could change. The prince took off his night trousers and slipped on his required uniform.

America walked out of the room he was occupying and to the dining hall for breakfast. His siblings and parents were in there, along with the host king and his kids. He sat down next to Canada and leaned over to him,

"How long have you guys been up for?"

Canada looked at him,

"Well, Aussie and Kiwi were up around four, then I woke up, actually, I didn't even go to bed."

America stared at him, then chuckled, hitting his arm lightly.

"Oh. Wow."

America started to get some breakfast, going silent again in the sounds of small chatter between the two kings and Aussie to his mother. A soft aura of tension filled the room once America looked up to his father. The king stared at him, then started to speak,

"Did you mention what I've told you to say?"

He flinched back slightly as his father spoke,

"He wouldn't-"

"Pardon?"

America took a deep breath and spoke louder and clearer,

"He wouldn't let me speak."

"Dont raise your voice at me with an attitude."

"Sorry."

"Good, thank you."

America didn't respond, rolling his eyes with a soft sigh.

The royalty finished their breakfast and left the dining hall with at least someone else. America stood, smoothing out his top and fixing his coronet, as it was sliding back from his liking. The Dynasty King cleared his throat, and the american looked up. He paused what he was doing and sat back down,

"... Why would you like me to stay father?"

"Help you grow more into a responsible adult."

"I-... Yes, sure."

America darted his eyes away from Russia, who had stayed in the room with them. King Union stood slightly and called for a maid. A shorter man walked over, holding an empty folder. Union bent down and whispered to the maid before sitting back down. America watched as the maid walked away,

"You have male maids?"

"Ameri-"

"No, it's alright,"

King Union cut Britian off,

"Yes, we do. My kingdom does allow such allowed work. Gender equality is different in the castle. Both male and female do all jobs, but down below, not my problem."

America nodded and looked down at the table, shifting through his thoughts. King Britian sighed deeply and fixed his crown,

"Taxes, you've been upping the trades up by a few dollars."

"Yes, I have, the 战争与和平 Kingdom had started to raise their's. I do not know why they are doing so."

King Union shifted in his seat. Russia looked at his father,

"Prince Japan spoke to me Wednesday. It was mostly about his random personal life, but he did mention that they were getting accused from the 두 개의 반 Kingdom for stealing, so they're in a trade war. But the 战争与和平 Kingdom had been getting some trades from them lately as they was a arranged marriage to happen. Besides that, that all caused this happenings."

The three looked at speaking prince in silence. America stared at him amused. He pushed the seat in more, putting his legs up in Indian style. Union sighed softly,

"So I hear... I must talk to them about that. Shall you too, Brit?"

"Shall, I suppose. America, do you mind?"

America looked up confused,

"What do you mean, father?"

"Go to your mother and tell her to write for our sender."

"Why wouldn't our sender come with us like usual?"

"That is not your problem, go tell your mother."

America stared at his father, baffled. He put his legs back down and sat straight up,

"Not my problem? Father, you want me to do all these things, then you try to push me out of them?? I'm going to be king in four years! Are you trying to get me through training, or are you trying me to reenact-"

"**America.** Please do as I ask, I know what I am doing. And you don't need to be all and up in it, you go for your mother as I ordered and you don't question me."

The Dynasty King shook his head slightly in annoyance. America stood,

"Ordered!? Am I a *slave* to you?! Not someone who's going to be great and take your spot, oh, I know I'm already a disappointment to you, but at least you could try with me!"

"America! We are not doing this here!"

The king rose his voice, setting his hand down from his face. America ignored his father's words and kept speaking out of his turn,

"Why? Are you afraid you're going to be told otherwise and get shut down like the poor fvcking loser you are!?"

"America! I didn't not raise you in this way at all. How dare you with that audacity to speak to me like that!"

America laughed to himself,

"I wasn't aware that you were raising me at all."

America stood, slamming his fists onto the table and leaning forward a bit. The king was heated, clearly embarrassed,

"Excuse me!? I am doing to best for you, and you're being ungrateful? You are 17. You should not be acting as if you're a toddler! You are going to go do as I say and be the respectful man I am raising."

"No, I am not! If you wanted me to be prepared and treat me like a man, go do it yourself!"

America yelled back, setting his coronet down on the beautiful wooden carved table. Silence filled the room, King Britian stood, his eyes like daggers peirceing through the shorter prince. He smiled, making America take a step back in disgust and fear,

"A man? A man, my boy. You want to be treated like a grown ass adult, don't you? You're almost there anyway. Go, go ahead. I'll tell your mother later, don't worry about it."

America's stomach dropped. He was confused in all aspects, his knees to his head. All he wanted to do was just pass out right there and then hit his head on the table and cut it open. Bleed out till the shiny pearl blue floors stain with the color red. Till to smell of blood reeks through the cracks in the soil. Till there was nothing left, only his sad soul melted to the walls of sorrow.

America coughed and wiped his mouth with his wrist,

"Uh, pardon?"

"This is what you want, right, America?"

"... Stop that..."

"Stop what? Don't be weird about it."

America looked from each Russian. King Union impressed and shocked, then prince Russia with his still esoteric face. America stood a deep breath,

"Why are you doing this? I know you want to fight back."

"That's not professional, especially at meetings."

America rolled his eyes,

"Last meeting you beat-"

"Ahem."

America looked away, flinching slightly as he took a step back.

Silence to silence. No words were spoken. What was there to talk about then? America took another step back, holding in tears,

"Why can't you just leave already?"

"Leave? I just got here. And anyways, my plans do not matter to you until it's your problem."

"Pft, everything is my problem in your book till it's not. Just chose."

"I do. Now I want you to leave."

America laughed and took another step back, grabbing his coronet and turning,

"You fvcking suck, do you know that?"

Light tears fell down his face, barely noticeable. His face with fear and annoyance. King Brit only sighed,

"We will be talking about this later. Like it or not. Choose for yourself, for once."

"Oh, I'd like to try. But every time you get in my way!"

"That's just because I don't trust you!"

King Brit hit the table with a fist, and the Peresvet King laughed quietly before going annoyed again,

"Alright, that enough. You both are acting like children. I do not

want to hear about your daddy issues in my dining hall."

"Daddy issues!? Pft. Hah!"

America snickered and took another step back, slowly migrating away from the unwanted feeling. Russia had stood up too at some point, as he was ready to follow the other prince out. King Brit stood up,

"Fvcking leave I tell you boy! Bloody hell with ya!"

America was taken aback,

"You're going to make this poor enough, suck ass Kingdom, fall and you'll get **hanged!**"

America turned and ran out, the big wooden doors shutting with a light slam from its weight. The king gasped to himself,

"I can't believe this child!"

Russia then looked at his father before he ran out, too. King Union let him, brushing his jacket down,

"What a fine lady you have."

Britian glanced at Union before sitting down and looking back at him in shock. He cleared his throat and spoke,

"Pardon?"

"You heard what I said. She does need to work in her attitude, though."

Union looked up at Britian and licked his dry lips.

America ran down the hall, tears drowning his face. He wasn't too sure where he was going, but he was going somewhere.

He hasn't cried this hard in a while. It hurt his chest. It tightened up like a sponge getting squeezed out. America coughed and pushed through doors that were heavier than most, hurting his shoulder.

He looked around him. He was in an empty training room. Above him was the bright clear blue skies, barley any clouds from being winter in the region.

America wiped his face with his sleeve and sat down on a pile of hay barrels. The hay was torn out and poorly wrapped back up, seems to be used a lot. America took a big breath and leaned back, observing the room. It wasn't too big, enough room for four to sword fight at least. A blocked off corner where they held swords, shields, aid kits, and padding for trannies.

After a few minutes, a taller prince pushed through the doors, looking around. He seemed to relax when he noticed the american curled up, face into his knees. Russia stopped in front of America, looking down at him. The Russian sat down on the ground, breathing out,

"You also have problems with your father? Does running away really help?"

America looked up from his knees and blinked the tears out of his eyes,

"Pardon?"

He sounded a bit harsh but it didn't cover the hurt in his voice. Russia glared at him,

"I'm not repeating myself."

"... Why would you want to know?"

"Why wouldn't I?"

Russia bared his teeth. They were sharp like a bear, but short like a human. America stared at them, furrowing his eyebrows,

"Are you a fvcking vampire or something?"

"Excuse me?"

Russia widened his eyes a bit in anger. America coughed, covering

his mouth his his arm. He put his legs down and leaned forward,

"Your teeth are quite sharp. How do you not cut your tongue? Does it hurt when you bite on your lip?"

"I- they're just fvcking teeth!"

Russia moved back a bit in disgust. America blinked and moved back again. He sighed and looked away. Russia sat normally again,

"You ignored my question."

Nothing was said. The only sounds heard were birds flying over and wind flowing through the courtyard. America stood and looked down,

"I don't like getting yelled at. I'm grateful for being here, or I'd be beat. Bleeding. Torn... and I'll do the same if you put this against me."

America left, leaving the taller prince in the cold. Russia looked towards him as he left,

"*What?*"

America walked back inside, bothered about the short conversation. Why can't he just be left alone? Privacy isn't something he gets in his book. Canada turned the corner with Ukraine, both laughing over something. America's face was red and puffy from crying, quite noticeable. He looked up at the two and Canada stopped once he saw him.

Ukraine looked the same way with a worried looked. Canada sighed and stood in front of him,

"What the hell happened?"

"You don't need to know."

America snapped towards him, making Canada take a step back. An awkward tension formed from the two. America brushed passed Canada, completely ignoring the princess.

Ukraine huffed and looked at Canada,

"Isn't he a good prince?"

She said rudely. Canada shook his head,

"He's not normally like this. Don't take it in a rude way."

Ukraine looked at him like she didn't believe him,

"Alright."

The two continued walking down the hall, bumping into a Russia. He stared at the ground, coming back inside from the training room. Light tears falling down his face. Ukraine looked him up and down,

"Break up with your little boyfriend?"

Russia quickly wiped his face when he heard them and glared,

"What."

Ukraine giggled,

"What happened to Mr. Disrespectful?"

"Who?"

"Uhg, Prince America."

"... You don't need to know"

Canada sighed,

"Drop it, please, Ukraine. I don't know how you guys do things, but asking and talking about things that aren't your business is also quite disrespectful on your end."

Ukraine looked at him and rolled her eyes. Canada looked away, annoyed with her, going nonverbal. Russia bowed slightly towards the Canadian,

"I am sorry about her, now, excuse me, may you?"

Canada nodded, watching the Russian leave.

America walked down the hall to his room. He walked in and shut the door behind him, laying down on his bed. America melted against the bed, feeling its warmth and comfort. His hands pressed against the bed, smoothing out the blanket. His eyes slowly shut, falling into a well needed sleep.

(12:48 pm)

A loud knock came on the door to the room. America jumped, waking up. He sat up and looked at himself, he felt gross. America coughed and stretched, looking around. Another hard knock was heard,

"Uh, mm, what?"

The door opened and it was King Britian,

"Oh my,"

He mumbled under his breath. America looked exhausted, and his hair was disheveled. Fluffy and in his face. He pushed his hair back and looked at his father. Quickly, he stood, still half asleep and rubbing face,

"I apologize. What- what do you need?"

Britian cleared his throat and fixed his posture,

"It is lunch... fix yourself, you look terrible."

America looked at himself and nodded, covering her mouth while he yawned,

"Yes, father."

King Britian scoffed and shut the door, walking to the dining hall. America went to fix his hair and his uniform.

America walked into the dining hall and looked around. Only a few

eyes were on him but went back to their food. America sat down next to Canada, he signed words with his hands:

"I dont like Ukraine. She such a bitch and I'm just done talking now. You feeling better?"

America giggled quietly and signed back:

"Lol. And yes, I had taken a nap and father sacred the fvck out of me."

Canada smiled then continued eating. America got food himself.

After lunch America and Russia we forced to go duel in the training room. They walked down the hall in silence till they got to the courtyard,

"I shouldn't have said that to you when we were in here earlier..."

America said quietly,

"Huh? No, I bothered you about it, it was my fault you said that."

"No, I said it."

Russia got them swords, handing one to America,

"Whatever, you good a sword-play?"

"Yeah, but I just woke up like an hour ago, and I haven't done any in a while, so I'll prolly be shit."

Russia nodded and put a respectful distance between them, going into ready stance,

"My father training me to be in the national gaurd, so, I do this quite often. Unlike you, you're going to be king soon. Yes?"

"Hopefully. Why is he putting you into gaurd, not as king?"

"He's not dying anytime soon, there's no need."

America chuckled,

"That's funny."

Russia gave him a questionable look, resting his stance,

"Why is that?"

"You only become king once your father is about dead? You're going to be quite old by the time your in charge, aye?"

"I guess so... but that's just how we've done it I guess."

America stood, messing with the sword, thinking,

"What if you killed him?"

America asked, looking up. This took Russia aback,

"P-pardon?"

"What if you killed him, would you go into power?"

"I don't really think or ask things like that... phycopath."

"Im really not. Its a lot more common than you think."

"Yes, I know."

America went into fighting stance, signaling Russia to do also. They stared at each other for a moment,

"You're eyes are quite pretty."

America said, going for the first move. Russia blocked him and moved over,

"They're dead and empty, they're not *'pretty'*."

Russia swung toward America's shoulder, making him move over, pushing his sword agaisnt his,

"So are mine, are my eyes pretty?"

America moved forward and aimed towards his arm, both moving

towards one way,

"Why would I tell you? You talk too much, shut."

America chuckled and moved back, giving them space again,

"Is this fun to you?"

He asked sincerely. Russia gave him an odd look,

"No?"

"Then why do we do this?"

Russia rolled his eyes and stood up straight,

"Because we were told to?"

America looked him up and down, tossing the sword onto the hay he sat on earlier,

"You should bring me to your library!"

"My? Why?"

Russia grabbed the sword America was using and put the two used, up. America watched him,

"I like books, maybe you have some I haven't read, I've read pretty much all the ones in my library, but mine back home is quite small as we don't 'read'."

Russia laughed at his claim,

"Pft, really? Come on."

America was quite shocked, but followed the Russia anyway.

.....

Words: 310 6

This took a lot longer than expected and it's not even that good

🙄🙄 sorry 🙄 I'll try to get the next chapter out quicker than this one though!

Note: Spelling check

Big Spaces, Tiny People - Chpt. 3

(2:09pm)

America and Russia walked out of the courtyard. Shutting the doors slowly. America pulled his wings forward, messing with them, a few fake feathers put in, falling out,

"Fake feathers suck..."

Russia looked at him, slowing slightly,

"Your feathers are fake?"

"Some, I've had... incidents. Just the lighter ones are fake."

America ripped out a real feather, flinching slightly but giving it to Russia,

"This is a real one."

Russia took it and observed it. He rubbed his between his fingers,

"They're so much bigger than smaller avians."

"Yeah, in the past, they used to hunt down hybrid avians and use their wings as decorations, trophies, and writing utensils."

"Yes, I've heard about that... it's sad that people are still raised to fear them."

America nodded, pulling his wings back and down, dragging them lightly on the ground.

After a while of quiet walking, Russia pushed opened doors for them. A beautiful room with tall, 20-foot ceilings and rows on rows of book shelves filling all the way to the top. Big windows filling the walls and huge curved skylights above with colored glass, from

shades blue to purple. The wood was the same as the dining table, dark and well engraved. The room was dimly lit with candlelight and quite full of lower-class people.

America gasped softly, slowly walking in and looking everywhere he could from his spot. Russia chuckled and shut the door. America's wings fluffed up and hugged around his arms, holding himself from excitement. The shorter prince quickly turned towards the taller. Russia looked down at him,

"Beautiful, yes-?"

America agreed, pushing his wings down. Russia observed the people around them, all human, mostly maidens. Many had looked up and stared at them, moving over to a bookshelves or a corner table. Russia walked forth and down the carpeted path, America following suit. Every corner had books on books, the shelves, tables, and even the floor.

They walked far enough to the librarian desk. He looked up and gasped, quickly standing with a bow. Standing back up, he looked at America, eyes widening. The librarian cleared his throat,

"P-prince America? From the Peresvet policy, we are going to have you wing clipped back."

America glared at Russia, who was staring at the male worker. The Russian shook his head slightly,

"That won't be necessary. He is royalty, after all. Wouldn't that just be disrespectful to ruin his blessed beauty? Something that you can't appreciate? Do not ever say such thing to a winged human ever again."

Russia scoffed, standing straight with his hands behind his back. The librarian nodded,

"Yes, sorry for my misunderstanding and mistaking you like that Prince America. My apologies to the both of you, my princes."

The man bowed down, his voice and breath shaky as he spoke.

America smiled softly, shifting his weight in enjoyment,

"As I see, you need to work on your manners."

America scoffed. Russia rested his hand on his shoulder,

"We'll get this figured out, you. Shame, honestly."

Russia shook his head. The librarian stepped back slightly,

"I- it won't happen again! I promise!"

The man bowed down, going to his knees,

"Please!"

"....**Fine.**"

Quickly, the librarian got up and got back to his work, not paying any attention to the two royals. America sighed in disgust,

"Is that common?"

He looked at Russia as they began to walk. Russia nodded,

"Yes, like I've said, over here, ones like you are very looked down upon."

The sounds of them walking moved from nothing to light taps on the marbled floors.

America and Russia sat at a table. The American had gotten a few books and were reading them, knowledge hungry. The Russian smiled,

"You really don't have books back at the Dynasty Kingdom, don't you?"

"No, no I do not."

The america put the books he wanted on his right and the ones he didn't want on the left. Two on the right, and four on the left. After a while of silent sitting and picking the two, even though he was

allowed to get as many as he wanted, books America wanted, they checked them and out left.

The two walked down the hall, America holding the two he grabbed,

"Thank you for letting me get these."

"With pleasure."

America and Russia were back in the training room. They didn't actually do any training. They were there for like five seconds before leaving again. This time, Russia decided that they should go down into town, even though it was America's idea.

"Usually, I change before going down, but I don't feel like doing so, so we can just ransack someone and steal their clothes."

Russia said casually. America was taken aback,

"P-pardon?"

"Do I need to repeat myself? I'm sure you heard me the first time."

America chuckled slightly to himself and cleared his throat. He looked back up at the Russian like he was searching for faulty in his eyes. America slowed a bit,

"You're serious?"

"Of course, have you never done anything out of order."

Russia slowed to a stop. Both of them stood in the middle of the concrete sidewalks. They stared at each other. America shifted in uncertainty, looking towards the ground,

"Not as much. Why do you think half of my wings, or feathers, are fake?"

Russia cleared his throat and looked away. His voice was bland, with a hint of- regret?

"Oh."

America looked back up and shook his wings out, then again resting around his sides. The two walked again, in silence. The surroundings are similar back in the Dynasty Kingdom, but here, it seemed more lively. Not as depressing or cold, there's a fire burning underneath, keeping everyone warm in the snowy wonderland. America shuttered thinking about it.

America and Russia stopped in an alley way. They stripped their royal coats off and just tossed them into the dirty, pushed aside, snow. They had taken two fur coats that were hanging out for sale. Russia slipped the one he had on, but it didn't fit him too right. America, on the other hand, the coat fit him perfectly. He smiled and zipped it up. Russia sighed and looked at him,

"We'll just leave these here, I guess. Say someone stole them-"

America stared up at him. This whole time, he has just seen him in flashy white and harsh dark blues. Now he was in a warm brown coat, making his beautiful indigo eyes flash with long wavy blonde hair.

America caught himself staring and cleared his throat,

"That's one way, uh, you lead the way!"

He smiled as Russia walked past him into the road again. America had a hard time following, he didn't walk as comfortable in the speed the Russian was walking. He was fast and sudden, while America felt like he was about to go for a jog and trip over his own feet.

"Can you slow down? Your long legs are getting you somewhere before me."

Russia slowed and turned, murmuring a low sorry. And walking next to America in his set pace. The pace was uncomfortable, so sooner or later, Russia picked up his pace and was walking somewhat in front of the American again.

America took in all of his surroundings, taking note of certain areas

he'd like to see again soon. Especially one store-or stand, hard to tell-it had flowers and plants all over. There had to be thousands of chionodoxas (kye-uh-noh-DAK-suhs) packed together and bloomed. There were only a few bundles of snowdrops, but they were there as well. America smiled to himself, catching up with Russia.

"This place used to be mostly forest when I was younger."

Russia spoke out, not making any thought to look at America as he spoke.

"A lot of everygreens, thick and healthy. Papa ordered them to be cut down for our new lands, as our old villages had been destroyed during the war against the Taiyō kingdom."

America could hear the sadness in his voice, even if his face or actions didn't show it. He stated back in front of him,

"It must've been a lot less dull than how much it is here."

"We like it that way, actually. Unlike your kingdom. It can be an eyesore."

America scoffed, messing with the hem of his coat. Russia glanced at him, stopping in front of a restaurant, named something in Russian. America looked up and stopped, turning to look at Russia behind him,

"Why'd you stop?"

"Are you hungry?"

America sat down on the older shitty handcrafted seat. He unbuttoned his coat and pushed it back, but still wore it loosely. Russia sat across from him,

"How good is your russian?"

"Its... harsh."

"Figured, you struggled saying до свидания (good bye)"

"Shut up-"

America pouted and looked away, resting his chin in his palm. Russia just smiled softly and grabbed the menus from the waitress. They spoke in fluent Russian, laughing at something the American didn't understand. The lady smiled towards him then left. America rolled his eyes then looked back at Russia. He had taken his coat off.

America slipped his coat off too so he could roll his wings forward. Russia had been staring at them, trying to find words. America couldn't decide if they were going to be rude or a question. But before he say anything, Russia did speak,

"Sitting in chair must be weird, isn't it? Not like, you can't, but certian of chairs must."

America took that as an insult,

"It's not, it's like wearing a bag and sitting down, you just got to make it work."

"But can't you just take your bag off?"

America didn't answer, slightly annoyed but embarrassed at the dumb statement. He looked away, staring at the paintings on the wall, then outside. It was the same road they were on, just different people in window attire walking past. Either in a hurry or just going for a noon stroll. Snow fell lightly, some areas already piling that have been brushed out of the walkway.

The waitress came back with two waters in glass cups. Russia took his and handed America's. America stared at him with uncertainty, hesitantly taking the glass. The waitress gave him a reassuring smile and held a tray to her side,

"что бы вы хотели?"
(What would you like)

"Я бы хотел два пельменя."
(I would like two Pelmenis: Pelmenis is a dish like dumplings)

"Ну что, на сегодня всё?"
(Alright, is that all for you today?)

"Да"
(Yes)

The waitress then left the table, mumbling something to herself, glancing back at America. He looked at Russia,

"What did you say? Or for that, what'd she say?"

Russia looked back towards America, staring down at his wings,

"She asked what we would like to order, and I got us both Pelmeni"

"Whats that?"

America tilted his head slightly, pushing himself forward. His wings pushed on the arm rests, resting in some sense of comfort, but still ready to hit someone. Russia looked back up to his face,

"It's like dumplings, you'll be fine. They're good."

"...Alright, if you say so."

America messed with the cup, filled with iced water. He took a sip and turned, cringing at the cold on his teeth. Russia looked at him with a funny look,

"What was that?"

"It's cold, that hurt."

America scoffed, coughing, covering with his arm. Russia raised an eyebrow,

"Are you common with being out in public without notice?"

America stared up at him, collecting his words. Not wanting to say yes or no. He shifted in his seat, holding the edge with his cold fingertips.

"Few times, usually when I'm in need of something I don't care to

ask for."

Russia nodded,

"I see... may I ask, do you get treated harsh with your wings when out in public often?"

America shifted, surprised by the sudden and straight to the point question. He looked away, sinking his wings back and resting his hands on the inside of them. He brought his legs up and crossed them,

"I do. Quite often when I'm not with someone else mostly. Why do you ask?"

"You seem uncomfortable, like you're crunched up, trying to hide away."

"Well, that doesn't bother you."

America scoffed, looking away, hating that he might be just right. He pushed his messy hair, from running, back and out of his face.

The food was delivered. Russia dug right in, America stared at it for a while. He wasn't too hungry and the short conversation made his stomach turn.

"You don't want it?"

"Huh? Uh, no, I do"

America started to eat.

When they started walking back, the clouds had grown dark and more snow fell upon them. Mixing with some rain, mush started to form, making it slippery and freezing. Then ran out of the village, pushing and tripping over random things left on the ground. Hopping over the bushes, terribly you might add, they were filthy and cold. But there was laughter. Laughing at their situation and together.

America got up from his fall and shivered, smiling,

"I hate you so much."

"That was fvcking hilarious."

Russia helped him up, then brushed himself off. America walked inside, hurting to get back to the courtyard before time. Russia walked in behind him and let out a deep breath he'd been holding in. The courtyard was a cold and wet as the outside. They took off their coats they stole and tossed them over in the snow.

America kicked his wet shoes in the water and turned,

"Now we already look like we've been doing what were supposed to be doing."

Russia chuckled, looking up and his wet hair falling over his face. He had smiled an actual genuine smile from this whole time. America's heart seemed to skip a beat, but just for a second.

"Yeah, no excuse."

They caught their breathes and sat down on the hay stack, which was just barely wet like around them from being covered. The courtyard doors swung open, startling both Russia and America. They looked over at King Britian, who had walked in, and just stared at him. King Britian glared over at them,

"What are you two boys doing. And why are you dressed unappropriately?"

America looked down at himself, blushing out of embarrassment,

"We-"

Russia rose, speaking for America. America caught his breath and was somewhat grateful for the Russian,

"We were training and it jad started to rain, so we took off our uniform tops so they wouldn't get wet or ruined."

The king took his response in consideration, nodding in defeat.

"Alright, just be dressed for dinner. Your father wouldn't like to see you like that Prince Russia. And America, you know"

America nodded, looking away from his father. King Britian walked back out, the big doors shutting behind him. Russia turned to look at America,

"Pushy. We don't have our uniform tops... I- We kind of left them somewhere in an alley."

"Pfsh, I wonder why."

Russia sat back down beside America,

"And you might want to put something over your white shirt-"

America quickly looked down, panicking, covering his chest,

"I... when is dinner?"

Russia looked in front of him and away,

"In 40 I believe."

America nodded, moving his knees up to cover his chest in stead on his arm. He rested his face into his knees,

"Could you grab me a cover shirt or something?"

"Yes I can,"

Russia stood and walked out. Shortly later, he came back with a new clean collar shirt. America took it and turned away, slipping his old one off and putting in the new and not see-through one. Russia sat back down and looked up at America,

"Why do you wear that tighter and corset like shirt under your normal shirt?"

America froze, shifting himself on the hay barrels,

"That's none of your business right now."

"So it will be later?"

America glared at Russia. He just laughed at him,

"I'm joking. I won't pry if you don't want me to know."

America looked away after hearing his words. He leaned back and stared at the grey muddy sky,

"I'll see you at dinner."

Russia spoke, standing up and looking back at the American. He nodded then closed his eyes, listening to Russia walk out and the doors swing shut. America got up and followed the same.

Walking down the dim halls like before. In desire to change from his gross and damp clothes. He pushed his door open and looked around for a new uniform. He took his shoes and trousers off, tossing them on the floor. He was left standing in his drawers and the shirt Russia provided him.

A knock came in his door,

"Hey, I for-."

America turned, Russia standing in the doorway. America stood up and yelped,

"Do you not know how to knock!?"

Russia stepped out and slammed the door shut,

"I-I apologize! I wasn't expecting to see you like that!"

"You still have to knock!"

America sighed and sat on his bed. Embarrassed.

"What do you want?"

He asked, looking up at the door. He could hear Russia clear his throat,

"I wanted to ask if you'd seen my badges."

"Did you check your pockets?"

"...Uh... yes. Yes I did."

"We're they still on your uniform?"

"...ебать"

(Fvck)

America shifted, hearing the harsh word from Russia. America stood and went by the door to hear him better,

"We need to get those, I usually do this a lot. Trust me. I, I don't know what happened. I swore I took them off!"

America could hear the desperation in Russias voice. He groaned and opened the door and pulled him in,

"If you keep yelling about it you're going to get yourself fvcked!"

America yelled, slamming the door shut, locking it. Russia got his balance and stood up, turned to America just to quickly look away,

"You didn't have to pull me in like that!"

America scoffed,

"And you're half dressed. I should not be in here."

"Hold your white horses and sit down."

America pushed him back and put on some clean maroon trousers. Russia looked back at him and sighed,

"We can't leave now-"

"Then leave tonight?"

"... Are you crazy? Do you know what's out there, th.... oh."

Russia silenced himself. America stared at the ground,

"Not every avian is out there for you. And most that are out at night just because if they want to survive, that have to! Alright?"

America scolded him in a way. He sat down next to Russia,

"And if anything. I'll be there. And I feel like you need a lesson about kinds of avians."

"Do not."

"Do to! You just-"

"Alright, alright!"

Russia groaned and threw himself back on the bed, covering his face.

"I think I need to tell you something."

.....

Words: 3154

The chapter seems a bit sloppy :/ I am sorry for that. I just finished my first half of state testing and surper exhausted in general :(but I hope the description and wording is better than the chapter before!

Notes: Spelling check

Thats Not It - Chpt. 4

(7:46 p.m.)

Russia walked down the dark, long halls. He slipped on his gloves and pushed his hair back. Walking into the library was where he found America. America was sitting on a couch, wings around him as he read a book he had gotten previously. He flipped a page.

Russia walked over and sat down in front of him. America looked up and closed the book, memorizing the page number beforehand,

"Hi."

"Hello."

They sat there in silence before Russia looked over at him,

"I need to go back in town. But I'm not-"

"Are you asking me to go with you? Because if so, no."

"Please? You'd be more protected than I would!"

America shifted and tossed his book lightly on the ground. He took his feet off of the couch and looked at the carpet in front of him. Russia stared at him, taking in every move he did. He leaned back into the couch and closed his eyes, sighing with defeat. America stood up,

"Sorry."

Russia opened his eyes again and watched him walk out through the big wooden doors with a light bang. Russia still left the castle anyways.

He walked outside and put his hair up with a hair tie he stole from one of his sisters. Russia groaned and climbed over the same hedges he did earlier with America. Everything was still slippery from the

rain previously. He walked about 30 feet before America came from running behind him, then beside him, catching his breath,

"I was going to get beat."

America gasped for air. Russia looked at him confused, but he was just happy he had company at this hour, even if it was just anybody he knew that he appreciated enough. America looked up at him, both had stopped walking,

"My father found out about our leaving earlier and was yelling at me. Then he tried to put his hands on me, and mom wouldn't let him... so I ran away! So I'm probably going to get in more trouble than I already am."

America sounded like he was going to cry, and still quite out of breath, but it never happened. Russia frowned slightly and furrowed his eyebrows. He then started walking again, America following suit. They walked in silence, America's wings dragging against the cold wet ground. A path from the maids quarters down to town was made from new brick, probably made around a year or so ago. Some areas were already chipped or pulled out already, either from stealing by some jackass or some sort of carriage accident, or just weak maids dragging big loads.

The bright moon loomed above them, shining in their faces softly. The two slowed once they got into the shops. It was weird to be around in the dark while it's empty and quiet. And not filled with ongoers and people trying to lure others in for money. Left over products left out in the cold, on the ground, or quick empty cleaned stands seemed to fit as if everyone ran away. Russia sighed and stopped in the alleyway they dropped their uniform tops into. The snow pile that was there was stepped in, footprints walk around in circles, then away.

Russia shifted his weight to the other side, groaning in frustration. He pushed his loose hairs back and rubbed his eyes. America moved beside him and pulled his wings up, wiping the bottom of them,

"I guess they're gone. Well, that's a problem."

Russia glared at America,

"No, duh."

They stared at each other in silence. America darted his eyes towards the street behind them. A soft glow coming from down the road. He stepped back and took a step down,

"Do you see that?"

America asked, looking back over to Russia. Russia stepped beside him and nodded, also seeing what looked to be kind of light source. They walked down, and every step closer, more came in view was a big fire. A big fire with a group of people around it. They wore coats of leather and balaclavas in black to cover their face but also for some sense of warmth, even though they were by a heat source. The fire was high, taller than the average man. It glowed in fury, orange and red flashes spike out as if it was trying to attack the stars above.

America's eyes widened with amusement but confusion. He chuckled quietly. Russia did not find this fondly at all. He was shocked and pissed. In his own kingdom? How was no one aware of these? Does his father know? Russia shook his head from his thoughts and stopped far enough so they'd still be in the dark, away.

Russia gritted his teeth as he watched the fire. Something was hanged, hanged on a pole. The men laughed and tossed empty bottles into the fire to burn as well. He could feel as America shifted beside him, a tension of fear and disgust. That something that was hanging, hanging on fire, was another avian.

America looked away upon realizing what he was looking at and instinctly pushed his wings back, trying to hide the big size mass behind his back. Russia frowned at him. He grabbed his hand and pulled him away. At first, it seemed as if America didn't want to go, but he did follow away. His eyes still lingered on the fire.

"I didn't know they did that still..."

America's words hit Russia like a truck, if he knew what a truck was. He stopped, almost running into a tree, then turning around to the shorter prince,

"We don't. I wasn't even aware that that still happened over here. It seems like a cult of some sort."

A soft winter wind blowed through them. Sensing chills down their backs. America's hair blew into his face as Russia's hair only swayed slightly. America's eyes were staring at Russia's chest, their glow dimmer. He didn't want to speak about the fire. He didn't want to be next, he wanted them dead. Every single man out there who had the audacity to do such thing to a harmless creature. Avian and humans only came together about 40 years ago. May that be long enough?

Russia turned and began walking again, not running into the tree. He clenched his fists, his mind full of racing thoughts. A race that never ends. He wasn't too sure where they were going, but they were going somewhere.

The brick road faded into dirt, wet clay and icy snow piled on the sides. Trees surrounded the path in the dark, the ground and sky around them illuminated by the moon's bright glow as the sun hits it's rays against it. America walked a few steps behind Russia, his wings dragging on the dirty wet ground again.

After a while of walking, America stops. He shifted his feet back and swallowed up a sob,

"Where are we even walking to? We came out here for nothing."

Russia stopped, looking down at the ground. He thought about America's words. He didn't know where they were going, nor where they even were at this point. He's trying to run from his problems, his thoughts, his life. That group, the fire, the body. All of it swarms in his mind like a swarm of bee's in a hive, busy and loud. Missing the flowers that werent able to bloom. Just like a chionodoxas. One that hadn't bloomed in the cold glossy night, too afraid to open up with the others. Maybe summer will be right, but by then, it'll be dead, wilted. Torn out. No one wants an unbloomed flower.

Russia took a deep sigh and brought his words together,

"I- I don't know... I just wanted to get away from... that."

He said, sounding a bit more harsh than intended. America turned around, bringing his wings around him,

"... Are you afraid of me?"

His voice seemed forced, not wanting to come out. Russia looked up, but not far, his eyes still on the road,

"Why would I be? Did you threaten to cut my throat out and feed it to me?"

He scoffed, rolling his eyes. America closed his eyes. Taken off guard by his response. He shook his wings out and opened his eyes again,

"No. No, I did not."

"Then I'm not afraid."

America tried to find some peace in those words. Russias voice lingered in his mind, bouncing around and falling down into his stomach way too quickly. Russia turned around to face America, greeted by his crunched up figure. His wings around him and his arms crossed. America's head hanged low, facing towards the ground. Russia walked a few steps closer, finding his lost words, trying to put them in order to unlock the code right. To make them make sense,

"If, if you fear that I am afraid of you, it's not your fault. And I don't understand why you think that."

America shook his head and wiped his eyes. He took a deep breath, holding back more tears,

"Russia, I don't think it is my fault. I think it's a sphere of influence. I think it's getting to your head and you don't know what to say or do with me. I'm not like you."

The hurt and guilt in his voice melts together. This made Russia's chest hurt. *Why is he like this??* Russia thought, slightly getting annoyed and more concerned. America chuckled and looked up, smiling to himself forcefully,

"I really am a fvck up."

America moved his feet, shifting forward as he began to run. Russia flinched back at the sudden action, but quickly processing it and running after.

"America! What- where, why are you leaving me?!"

America was a lot faster compared to Russia. From the shorter legs, his wings and build made it easier to cut through air and build up speed as if he were ready to take flight. Russia breathed hard, catching his breath and slowing once America stopped by a pool of water. He almost fell in. It was a lake. There was a sign that said the name of the lake, but it was too dark to read.

It glimmered in the moonlight, light ripples spread out as wind pushed against the water surface. Fish swim around underneath, their silver scales glaring from the light, even under the water. Surprisingly, it wasn't frozen over, but it could still be too early.

America stepped back, moving his feet out of the muddy ground, wiping them on the grass. Russia sighed, now breathing with his nose again. He shook his head and stared at the ground where America's wings laid. His wings seemed to glow with little stars on the feathers and actual skin underneath.

"I'm sorry."

Russia whispered. America lifted his wings up and wrapped them around him. There was a murmur of a response, but Russia couldn't understand the slurred English. Russias breath hitched as he heard a silent cry from America. America wiped his face and turned around to Russia,

"Sorry, I shouldn't be acting like this..."

Russia could dimly see his sad looking face, trying to cover his

disappointment. He frowned and stooped a step closer. America turned away and went to sit on a nearby bench. It was iced over and cold, but he still sat on it. Russia went over and sat next to him, giving a good foot of distance. Both were sitting on the edge of the bench.

It was awkward, for sure.

America cleared his throat,

"I should have not acted like that. I, I think what we saw back there, like. I- I don't even know."

He lifted his feet and set them on the bench, wiping the bottoms of them off with his hand. Russia looked up at the sky, the moon still lingering there. It was only a tad bit higher than where it was earlier.

"I get it. I wouldn't want to see that, nor did I want to see that."

"People are cruel. Straight up cruel."

"They can be. Some are alright... some."

Russia lowered his eyelids, taking in a deep breath and blowing out. His warm breath turned white as it touched the cold air. America chuckled, setting his feet back onto the ground. Russia opened his eyes and looked back at America with a slightly concerned but stoic look,

"What's so funny?"

America stood up, almost slipping but catching himself. He stretched,

"I dunno. I don't know about a lot of things. But your face, your face is funny lookin'."

Russia smiled softly but quickly rubbed it off as fast as he had put it on and stood up also,

"You are such a УКОЛОТЬ!"

America smiled at him, despise what had just happened. He fixed his posture and wrapped his wings around him slightly. Russia sighed and crossed his arms. Both yelped when a random man had been watching them from behind the bench. It wasn't easy to see them or whatever it was. The person cleared their throat,

"Pardon me."

America and Russia both looked at each other and slowly walked away, keeping up their gaurd. It sounded like a lady, but you could never be too sure. They turned and ran down the road once they felt as if they were far enough. They laughed and giggled as they ran, creeped out but found it fascinating,

"Why did they just stand there!?"

America laughed, slowing, catching his breath, coughing slightly. Russia's smile was probably big enough that you could see his dimples in his cheeks. Which rarley happens anymore. America looked up and stretched his wings out. Russia stopped and caught his breath,

"I- that was so scary! 'Pardon me'."

He mimicked the person, and they both laughed, again. They found a dry bench and sat down. America looked around and found a chionodoxas. He picked it and handed it to Russia, who blushed slightly. Russia stared at it like he didn't grow up with these flowers,

"They remind me of your eyes."

He whispered, still adoring the flower. America's face went up a shade of pink, already rose from the cold.

"Uh, thank you, I guess."

Russia looked up and smiled softly. America took in his soft face, smiling back with a small giggle. He stole the flower back and put it in his blonde curly hair. Russia stated at him as he did so, thinking of what he should say.

"Tomorrow we have to do inspections of the winter festival. Last year we didn't, and oh mother lands."

Russia sighed and looked back at the ground in front of him. The moon had passed right above them and was heading the set for the morning. America still had his buttery smile,

"Oh, I don't even want to know. Well, I do a lot, actually."

Russia rolled his eyes and sat up, leaning forward. He clasped his hands together and squeezed them for a bit of warmth. America moved closer and moved his wings in a weird way, making Russia look at him funny. This resulted in America hitting Russia in the face with a bunch of feather. Russia coughed and stood,

"It went into my mouth! Gross!"

America laughed, crunching forward and bringing his wings around him. Russia groaned and walked away. America got up and followed,

"Sorry, your dumb look on your face wasn't hard to miss."

He teased with a wide grin on his face. Russia frowned and continued walking his fast pace, making America keep up. They once walked in the dark again. A cool breeze made them shiver as the moon rested. They had not gotten any sleep, and if they wanted about five, they'd have to get back quicker.

They slowed once the trees started to get more scarce and buildings laid beside each other. The clay road turning into clean red brick and the snow was shoveled off to the side for walking and carriage space. America dragged his feet and slowed to a stop. Russia turned to look at him,

"What?"

"Should we go see if they're still there?"

"See what? Our uniform tops, that weren't there, or the... the people and fire?"

"The people and fire."

Russia shifted a bit uncomfortable as America stared down the road they had once walked down that early night. Russia shook his head and beckoned for America to continue with him,

"I don't think we should. You didn't seem all too well the first time we saw it, and I don't want it engraved into your mind."

He started walking again, and only continuing when he heard America walk behind him and then beside. America smiled, lifting his hand to cover his lips. His glove that he wore shined in the light and was cold to the touch. They were rare, a Gazelle skin with golden accents. There was a button at the wrist to keep it on, which also shined in gold from the moon's lovely smile.

Russia looked towards him, holding back a smile for himself,

"You are 100% Bipolar."

"Hey! I am not!"

America became offended, his smile fading into dramatic offense. Russia rolled his eyes, with a half smile,

"Yes, you are. One moment you are arguing with me, then you want to be with me, then you'll be happy, then shocked surprised, all better, upset, and you were crying, and now you're all happy, in like a matter of two hours about."

America looked away shameful, thinking. He sighed in defeat and shook his head,

"At least I show emotion,"

Russia scoffed,

"I do show emotion! I just can't keep them together and not taking them out for a fuckin' walk."

America giggled. They slowed at the end of town off to the road they first stepped on earlier that night. America checked something

that was in his pocket, and looked at Russia,

"We were out here for actually almost four hours."

"Damn, are you serious?!"

"Yes."

America nodded and started walking again. Russia did as well. He looked up into the moon, it was still shining and laminating everything around them. The icy snow, trees, the buildings, and even them. It was a soft kind of glow, something you'd expect to see in romance movies. Just without the romance.

The two boys got through the shrubs and sneaked into the garden doors. The aroma in the inside room blasted against them with flower and vanilla smells. This made Russia's stomach turn, it was too much at once. America took a deep breath and smile again,

"Smells delicious."

Russia mumbled a weak reply back, trying to leave the room. They walked into the halls and stopped in the split way. America turned and looked up at the Russian,

"Good night, Prince Russia."

Russia smiled and bowed slightly,

"Good night to you too, Prince Amerika."

The American giggled and walked away with a bright smile. The long empty halls didn't seem as depressing as before, but that could be the moonlight and fresh flowers placed for the week. They don't know.

(6:33a.m.)

Russia woke that morning with a scare. His father blasted in, opening his curtains with the sun shining brightly in and blabbering about something Russia wasn't ready to understand. He pushed himself up and yawned, pushing his long messy hair back. He

frowned and stretched.

King Union looked over at him, giving him a disgusted look, but it seemed more disappointing. Russia raised an eyebrow and stood up. Union shook his head and threw undergarments at him,

"Get clothed boy, we have some important matters to attend to."

Russia nodded, half asleep, and dressed himself. Union kept talking about certain things, important mostly, but Russia didn't hear a thing. He was fully dressed now. Russia reached into his pocket for his badges. He felt around to not find them there, remembering that he'd lost them and his other uniform top yesterday evening. Russia panicked for a moment before sighing and sitting down, sliding his shoes on. King Union walked out, saying something along the lines of,

"Hurry boy, I want to see you in thirty!"

And shut his door. Russia shook his head and stood again, he was not fully awake for the day. His room looked grey with accents of blue and silver. The sun light was the only thing that lit up his room, shining off of metallic objects.

Russia walked out of his room, shutting the door behind him, and going back into those long, sad, blue halls. All curtains were open for light. They seemed as depressing as yesterday without America. There was no bright, colorful smile to portray life into the castle to see.

Russia blushed at this thought but shook it off. He sighed and happened to run into one of America's siblings. Canada stepped back and awkwardly stared at the ground as he passed. Russia stared in suspicion towards the brown haired prince. He seemed beat and ashamed like a lost puppy.

He frowned and continued walking to his father. Russia stepped into King Union's throne room to see his siblings, Prince Armenia (12), Prince Kazakhstan (15), Prince Georgia (10), Princess Belarus (9), and Princess Ukraine (17). He swallowed hard and stood next to Kazakhstan.

Everyone seemed emotionless or spaced out. It was silent besides a few movements of balance rechecks and sighs. King Union cleared his throat and stood,

"We are postponing the festival, 두 개의 반 Kingdom has gone into a civil war."

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Word count: 3564

Longer chapter : > I'm actually happy with this one. Even though it seems a bit fast going from one thing to another 🤖 It's still good overall. Also, I'm working on a new book cover, if you have any ideas I'm pleased to hear them!

Authors note: Spelling check

Edit: lol, uh, this chapter is actually so bad. I fixed a bunch of stuff up, yk like, a year later? Hopefully it makes sense now ❤️

War Sucks - Chpt. 5

[image]

(6:50a.m.)

"We are postponing the festival, 두 개의 반 Kingdom has gone into a civil war."

King Union declared, clearing his throat beforehand. Russia covered his mouth with his hand. He had a smile plastered on his face. Union eyed his eldest son,

"What's so funny?"

Russia closed his eyes and breathed out,

"두 개의 반 Kingdom seriously went to war? That, that's what's funny."

[FIRST POV]

:RUSSIA-

I chuckle at my father's words. That is the most pathetic thing I've ever heard. My father thought otherwise. His eyes were digging a hole in my head, and it wasn't shallow.

Kazakhstan shifted beside me, moving closer to Ukriane. Father stepped in front of me, barely having to look down as our height was almost the same. I still had my snarky smile gleaming on my face.

"I am not lying to you, Russia. Don't play this as children's game."

I shook my head in dismissal. My smile had by now faded down to a calm expression.

"Oh papa, I am not. I am only saying what is true, as we do not lie."

Georgia rolled his eyes and stepped forward,

"There's something else to this papa! You wouldn't have made us all come here early this morning, dressed and formal."

Father's attention turned down the line to Georgia and stepped back, walking down slowly. He had a grin, small but mischievous.

"Oh Georgia... this is why you are my smartest kid! You'll make a strong king one of these days."

Me, Kazakhstan, and Armenia all groaned at the same time. This made Father's grin fade, glaring at us with disapproval. I could give less than a fuck about being a great king, even though I'm the eldest now. Most won't even be ruling in the same place. My sisters will be married off, and the two youngest brothers will take charge of kingdoms that didn't produce a male, as in also married off. Easy as is, why would we compete?

Father cleared his throat and continued talking,

"Georgia is right. Three of you are going to help in the war by next week."

My stomach dropped faster than falling down those flights of stairs we have for the maids to go downstairs in the dungeon. Papa wouldn't send me out to war, especially if I'm going to be king. If I die, a longer wait and an important piece of history will be long too missed.

I looked away towards the right wall in the room and smiled. Kazakhstan beside me frowned, knowing that he'd most likely be going. Sucks he can't speak to protest. He can be thrown into anywhere, and he'd just accept it. I'm guessing the three that's going to go to war are Kazakhstan, Armenia, and I think also Georgia?

Father spoke again,

"And the three I am sending off, are Kazakhstan, Armenia, and Ukraine."

I coughed. Georgia gasped as Ukraine beside him looked mortified. I chuckled,

"You're sending that pvssy to war?"

Ukriane glared at me, turning her whole body,

"At least I'm going to be doing something with my life!"

"Oh, don't worry, I will be so too. I'm becoming king!"

She mumbled something unnecessary and turned back forward.
Father sighed and shook his head,

"She'll be cutting her hair and disguising as a man. I am not sending Georgia out to war as he will be married out soon."

Georgia blushed. We were all surprised at this news. I raised an eyebrow. Kazakhstan signed something I couldn't understand as he wasn't looking at me. Father nodded,

"Yes, Kazakhstan, don't be smart with me. Obviously, he's not leaving now. He's only 10. But in a few years, the marriage will be official, and he needs to be there. You are going because you can't speak, you are least of my worries."

I frowned at my papa's words. That must hurt Kazakhstan in the gut. Being told not worthy is one thing, but being told you aren't a worry from your own father? I would probably cry.

As the old man spoke more, I had zoned out thinking about last night. With me and America walking down into town, the moon, his smile and laugh. Everything about him just seemed bright. He even made our sad, gloomy, depression of the world so happy and bright. His bright blue eyes shined in any scenario I could think; the water, moonlight, our castle halls, in the snow, oh boy, could I go on. Only if I cou-

"RUSSIA!"

I jumped slightly as Papa raised his voice at me. I cleared my throat and looked at him shameful,

"My worries, I, I was not paying attention."

I could see as Kazakhstan rolled his eyes. I clenched my jaw.

"I can see that. You may leave, I don't need you here. Take Belarus with you. Georgia, you stay."

Belarus ran past me, seemingly in a hurry to leave. She ran into the door and fell. I laughed and opened the door for her and walked away.

I dragged my feet on the carpet, directing the halls. One of America's little siblings was walking down the hall. He seemed to be in his own world, talking to his stuffed bear. Probably around 7 or 8. He was dressed in white, a dark red, and yellow accents. I smiled, and he looked up at me. He ran past embarrassed.

America turned from that hall with a confused look. He saw me and smiled, eyeing his younger brother as he ran.

"Hi Russia!"

I stared at his smile. This was the thing that wasn't hard to forget about him, no.

"Hi Amerika. How are you today?"

America moved in front of me and put his hands behind his back,

"Well! How are you?"

"I'm as well as you could be."

I could see his face turn a light shade of pink with a giggle,

"What are you doing right now?"

I ask, shifting my weight from one side to the other. He put his attention to my eyes and thought,

"Well. I was with Australia, but he ran off. So now nothing really!"

He still had that dorky adorable, no. He still had *that* smile stitched onto his face. We walked together down the hall, talking about

things of siblings and the snow. I brought up last night, and his smile faded,

"Last night was rough."

I nodded. I stared out in front of me and thought as to what to say next.

"I'm sorry, I shouldn't have gone anyways."

America looked at me and stopped. He stared at the royal blue carpet we stood upon. I heard a soft sigh and he looked back up at me,

"Russia, that was not your fault. I chose to go on my own as well. It would be not mine nor will it be yours."

My eyes widened in disbelief. Out of anything was I not expecting this. Such words, soft and with sincerity, coming out of a person you'd expect to be playful with everything. It made my heart flutter. His soft blue eyes that shimmered in any light stared at me, begging for an answer.

I breathed out and forced myself to look away,

"I guess you're right. We don't need to speak about it anymore."

I began walking again. America walked with me, he had a small smile. I cleared my throat and stopped at the end of the hall.

We sat down on a couch and spoke for a while. Not about much, mostly about politics and complaining about our fathers in particular. Just another excuse to look at his pretty face.

[THIRD POV]

:AMERICA

Russia and America were soon separated as the day ended. The English made their leave to return home as the festival was canceled and no work was needed from them. Aside that all meetings and situations were finished through.

America, Canada, New Zealand, and Australia were all shoved into one carriage and King Britian and Queen France were gracefully and carefully helped in another.

America sighed, causing Canada to look up at him,

"What's up with you?"

Canada moved Australia over a bit and shifted around for more room in the small carriage. It definitely didn't not fit for four. America stared at the ground and had his legs up and to the side like a lady. He shook his head and closed his eyes,

"Those few days were all quite weird. I feel as it was some kind of fever dream."

Canada nodded, thinking back on what had happened with him that week.

...

[THIRD POV]

:CANADA

YESTERDAY)

Canada had gotten almost zero sleep. He was taking care of his younger siblings, Aussie and Zeland, when they awoken early at morning. It was around three when he found Australia at his door crying.

Canada was just in his trousers, the hallway made him cold. Australia hugged his brother tightly. Canada rubbed his sore sleepish eyes and yawned. He stretched then bent down to pick up Aussie.

He sat them down and rubbed his back lightly.

"Aussie? What wrong?"

Canada's voice was raspy and deep. Australia hicked his voice as he caught his breath when he cried. He wiped his face with his arm sleeves and dug his face into Canada's chest. Canada frowned.

"Aussie?"

"I- I'm hungry and it's dark!"

Australia hiccuped and tightened his grip on his sleeves. Canada closed his eyes in exhaustion,

"Alright Aussie, let's get you some food."

He got up and carried Australia on his chest, supporting him with his hand on his butt (**Dont make it fvcking weird**). The halls were dark with moonlight that early morning and cooled you with it's depression.

Walking into the kitchen silently, Australia had stopped crying. Canada set him on the counter and got a Poptart. Australia took it gratefully and digged in.

Canada sat on the counter with Australia, falling asleep. They sat there for a few minutes before walking back. Australia was wide awake and Canada was falling asleep as he walked. Canada sat in Australia's room as he read him a book back to bed.

Once Australia fell back asleep, he made his way out. He slowed to a stop when he saw his brother and Russia in the hall. The height difference was amazing. About half a foot. Russia stepped closer to America and said something Canada couldn't hear.

They started walking and then separated. Canada jumped slightly once Russia stopped beside him,

"Early, isn't it, Prince Canada?"

Russia accent slightly threw him off. He hasn't really heard any of them speak. He cleared his throat,

"My younger brother was up in dismay. I couldn't just let him weep."

Canada's voice cracked as he doesn't normal speak to others. Usually using sign language to disregard the nees to do so. Russia nodded and continued walking. Canada let out a breath he had

been holding in.

Once Canada made it back to his room he laid down and fell right to sleep.

(4:54am)

Canada woke again to his younger brother laying in bed with him. He had came in 20 minutes before. Australia was talking his mouth off to his half asleep brother.

"So, if we are awble to dis- distinct. Uh- the, the cats,"

"Why are we killing off the cats??"

"Shut! Just listen!! I ,we, if we distinct the cats and send the lions off to Antarctica, we cwan make it work!"

"...Aussie, I-... you know, yes, yes."

...

[THIRD POV]

:AMERICA

PRESENT TIME)

America got out first when the four made it back to their Kingdom's castle. New Zealand, then Australia followed out afterwards. Canada had stayed to help the maids and the Coachman.

The harsh winds of the winter days blew over them, making them shiver. Australia and New Zealand ran inside,

"Careful!"

America yelled out to them. The ground was icy from the rain that passed over to their place. Stepping inside the same familiar dense air surrounded the American. The ruby red walls, grey rock tiles, and the dark blue rugs with their dim lighting made America want to throw up. Candles flickered as he walked by, curtains were shut, letting no natural light in.

Australia and Zealand had ran ahead and to their rooms up a floor.

A few maids bowed at America as he walked by before scurrying off to their intended task. America stopped in front of his door and sighed. His door had carvings of stars on the frames, painted in white. The stone clashed with the oak his door was made from. America pushed open the door and stepped inside. His bed, floors, and curtains were stripped gone.

"What the fvck."

America walked around his room, opening drawers, looking underneath furniture, and in his closet. **Everything was gone.** This worried America, he had a lot of things hidden in his room: books, razors, documents, and jewelry. He sat on the floor and stared at his feet. Britian was standing at his door, how long was he standing there for?

Britian walked in and stood next to his son on the floor. America didn't move, holding in tears. He heard his father clear his throat before lighting a cigar and speaking after a puff,

"We're not going to speak of what I've found in your room... but your punishment."

Punishment? Why would I need a punishment? Why? America bit his lower lip, gripping his hands on his knees so tight, if he wasn't wearing gloves his knuckles would be white.

"I'm sending you off into the Korean war, helping for the south's sake."

"You're sending me to war!?"

America stood up and turned around to look at his father. Britian stood still, staring out the window. Smoke lingered in the room from the cigar, a disgusting smell to America.

"Dad, you can't send me to war!"

"Yes. Yes I can and you're not going to tell me no."

Britian turned and glared at America. America looked away and stared at the rock tiles. His hands fisted and shaking, his eyes blurry

from held in tears, his throat tight from air. King Britian moved over next to him and set his hand on america's shoulder,

"Don't be more of a disappointment than you already are."

A nod weakly came from america, tears finally falling down his face silently. Once hearing his door close America fell to the ground and cried onto his cold smooth floor. He curled up staring at his hands with blurry vision. He can't be sent to war. He doesn't even have proper training.

...

(7:34pm)

Everyone sat at the dinning in silence, even Aussie and Zealand. America quietly picked at his food, having a loss of appetite from his nervousness and disgust. Canada hasn't ate much as he was in a similar situation. Canada was also being sent off into the war, but separate from america, he was going to be doing shipments. America was being sent out to deliver and evacuate. The dense air made you wanna choke.

America leaned back and held back another sob, he couldn't bare being in the same room as his *father*. If you could even call him that. The room had a lack of color, dead and empty. You'd expect paintings, high ceilings of professional murals, lots of decorative furniture, expensive pieces, but no. All that laid in the room was white walls, the dinning table, marble tile, chairs, and candle decoration for sight for the lack of natural light and emptiness. Being sick and drowsy, the room seems to make it worse.

Dinner was finished in a swallow of silence and sorrow. Canada was first to leave, with America following. Neither of them ate much, their plate only about half eaten, and it was their first. They walked outside and sat on the steps to the garden. Sitting next to each other, the cold air seemed to take them over imitatly. Canda lit a cigar and took a puff. America stared at him,

"I didn't know you smoked, when in the hell did you start that shit?"

Canada shifted and stared at the ground through his legs,

"A little while ago. Uh, when dad took me off the medication I was on."

"He took you off of your medication!?"

"America, you knew it was gonna happen. You haven't been on your drugs since you were fifteen."

"Thats different!"

America pushed his hair back and stood up. Canada sat him back down, taking a puff afterwards,

"Let's worry about now."

"I don't want to."

A cold air whipped around them, making America shiver. The wind had picked up, shaking trees and pushing flowers and bushes down. They sat in silence, disturbed by whats to come, and also being cold.

Canada left America to himself outside. America stared up at the cloudy sky, dark and light greys everywhere. It was gross, it made everything look sad, sad and dead. The usual bright colorful garden array lay sunken down from the harsh winds, not shining in the beautiful sun.

Soon, America walked back inside, he had gotten cold after a while. New news had reached to the Dynasty Kingdom:

The war officially started!

The north and south of our korea has finally split into two. Two different groups have split and started a fight to what lands is theirs or who is right.

The war may last forever or may only last a few days. If I knew which side would win, I would tell you. Whats been heard is that some kingdoms is sending their royal men out to war,

you're fighting with your royals!!

...

America sighed as he read the papers section. He knew he was going to be in that war soon enough, helping the south in their role of the play. The sun had set and the stars soon ate the blue in the sky. The clouds outside had moved east, showing just a snippet of the night sky. The American went to bed in a guest room, still in today's clothes. He had only managed to slip his shoes off.

(5:25am)

King Britian woke America up early so he could leave off to the war. He and Canada were shoved on a carriage off to the Atlantic. The two sat exhausted and silent, a long three hour ride, to a weeks worth of sitting in a ship. Canada had been moved to a different ship than America, separating them both.

America sat in the small room he was given in the ship reading a book. It was cold and wet. A taller man knocked on his door and opened it,

"Hey, get out here."

The man had a Western Anatolian accent of some sort. America got up and followed the Turkish man out to the deck. It was raining and people were running all over. The man laughed with a scoff,

"So you're an English kid?"

He had poor English and was a good few years older than America. America nodded and stared out in the foggy water. They were getting drenched just standing there. America's hair stuck to his face and it was hard to see. Soon they were put to work, moving boxes and ammo to each end of the boat so it would even out a bit more. Yelling and the loud crashes of the waves made it overwhelming. America wanted to cry, not like anyone would notice anyways.

Night had risen and it was dark. America made his way back inside to his room, he felt disgusting. He sat down on the unstable floor and cried, he cried and cried till his eyes stung from his tears. His

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**Finally got the motivation to write the rest of this chpt 🤖
anyways! Happy 4th of July my fellow Americans 🇺🇸🇺🇸🇺🇸**

I drew russia for this AU and realized I didnt take a picture and that sketchbook is at my mother's 🐼

Love yall <3

Authors note: SPELLING CHECK PLSS

Well That's Pathetic - Chpt. 6

[image] [image]

(12:40am)

[THIRD POV]

:Russia

Russia laid in his bed staring up at the dull ceiling. Moonlight shined in through the tall, wide windows to his right. He hadn't had good luck with getting any sleep, but that seems like that's too common for him. Russia pushed his body up, groaning with discomfort. It was hot in his room, despite it being winter. He got up and slipped some pants and shoes on. Grabbing a candle, he lit it and walked out into the hall, it was dark and musty. If you had allergies, you'd be sneezing fit everytime you walked too fast next to furniture or a corner.

It was a clear night in the Peresvet Kingdom, not a cloud in sight. Russia had a lot on his mind, from the war to America. The candle he held flickered with each step, casting shadows down against the wall and on his sad, dull face. He walked the same path everytime he took his nightly walk, down his hall, then to a T, turning left, then out to the courtyard. He enjoyed being out here more often lately. The hay still sat where it laid last, damp from the dew night and loose with each straw. Moonlight shined down, bright and blinding. The moon has become Russia's favorite thing, its soft glow of its beautiful, pearly self reminded him of America. Not just the happiness from a random stranger that's so far, but the looks he has come to appreciate of another person.

Russia sat down on the hay staring up at the sky. A light breeze blew through the courtyard, but it wasn't much for Russia to handle. He rubbed his hands up his cold arms, his soft toned, bare chest rising and lowering slowly with each breath he took. Stars above twinkled brightly, filling the sky with bright dots like someone spilled glitter all over. Laying there, Russia had dozed off, the cold made him tired and comfortable.

(7:45am)

Morning sunlight shined down on Russia, waking him early that morning. The cool damp air made him come to his senses. He got up with a yawn, cold and groggy. Mornings were always so pretty during the winter, the sky was always a beautiful dark blue with orange and light hues of pink. Russia got up and walked inside, it was a lot warmer in there, making him uncomfortable and uneasy.

Maids were running around, doing their daily morning chores, cleaning and going where they were stationed to work for the day, usually the same. As Russia walked by, they bowed with a good morning, waiting for him to pass before getting back up and continuing their job.

As Russia walked, he noticed a few maids huddled up whispering. He walked over and interrupted them,

"What may you be speaking about?"

The three jumped, startled. One quickly stammered her words and snatched,

"Prince A-America from the Dynasty Kingdom was sent into the Korean War!"

The maid quickly covered her mouth with her hands after she spoke. The other two glared at her. Russia's heart stopped for a beat as he heard for the news. America? Sent out to war? This man can barely hold his own weight. Russia chuckled, not believing a word. One of the maids, the one in the middle who spoke before, stepped forward,

"Ms. Tiffany heard about it! She and a gaurd were speaking and I overheard!"

A maid to the right hit her in the arm, making her step back. Russia took in the information, breathing out deeply. Tiffany was the head lady who kept everything in the castle in order. Great lady... for the most part. Last time they spoke was a year ago about how Russia needed some help, that didn't lead somewhere nice.

Russia was not thrilled, but decided to find Tiffany and get more answers. America being sent out to war baffled him. Yes, he knew he has some issues towards his parents, but Russia didn't think they'd go that far with sending their child, that was soon going to be king, into war. Not even his own father would do that.

(7:59am)

Tiffany's office door was shorter than the rest of the doors in the castle. Around five feet in height than the regular eight feet for the normal height (minus the really tall ones around 25 feet). Russia collected himself to knock on the door. It opened with a shorter female, she looked pissed. Her hair was up in a messy brunette bun, her eyes dark in color, similar to her soft brown skin.

"What do you want, Russia?"

"First off, you don't greet me like that, try again."

She groaned quietly before bowing and greeting him properly,

"Good morning Prince Russia, what do you need of assistance?"

The shorter lady stood back up straight. Russia nodded,

"I heard that you knew about Prince America's status in the war, Ms. Tiffany?"

Tiffany shut her eyes, thinking with regret before letting the Russian prince in. Russia walked in and went to sit on a couch, he gasped softly as the cushion went deeper than expected. The room was warm with a soft smell of cinnamon and a hint of vanilla. Candles on her walls were dark red, lighting the room up.

Russia had only been in her room a few times. Either for his father or just his nosy self, each time his room had been the same. The first time Tiffany had joined the castle, Russia was only around 10. That was the first time he'd seen a black woman in a high working class.

He would then be taught that gender didn't matter but the work and achievement in the end did. A very common practice that you just need to be good at something to get far.

Tiffany sat on her wooden chair, sitting up straight,

"Curious aren't you? America was sent off as a supplier. Shipped by military boat and living off of fish and bread. Saw his brother the other day; Canada. He explained that America was devastated and exhausted. Their father sure over pushes them, don't you think?"

Russia shifted against the armrest of the couch. Hearing that another royalty was treated like any other person was diabolical, but shoved on a gross tight ship and poor food was something else. America in particular was nothing more than a light wave out there. And not to mention, the winter season made weather terrible out on those waters.

"I do. I don't see how you could treat another man of power like that. Especially your own blood, isn't that technically you?"

Tiffany nodded, agreeing. She started at Russia as he spoke,

"There's one to say he hated his previous wife and killed her. Makes it weird though that he had two children with her before making such decision. Says he hates avians but he's been inside one."

Russia couldn't help but chuckle, grinning at her words. Such a shame, Russia would love to see what America's and Canada's mother looked like. Canada looked nothing like his father and America got none of his beauty from that old hag.

"Yeah, such irony isn't it?"

A soft nod came from Tiffany, leaving the room in a silence. Russia stood back up and brushed himself off.

"Well, thank you, Ms. Tiffany. Have a great rest of your day."

The door creaked lightly as it was walked through, closing with a thud. Russia took in the new information. A fire started to burn in his mind, he now wanted to go to the war he was just complaining not wanting to go to. His mind didn't think America would've been sent out, and if so, not in that bad of a condition.

Getting so deep into his head, he bumped into Armenia. He scoffed,

"Woah there, watch where you're going."

"Sorry dude, had breakfast started?"

A disgusted glare laid upon Russia,

"Don't call me dude, and yes. Come on."

Russia follow next to him. He explained what he heard about the kingdom that had visited the other day. Armenia didn't seem to take much interest but listened. All eyes went onto the two when they walked into the dining room. From Russia's rare session of talking, to Armenia not complaining about everything.

They sat down and greeted their father at the end of the table.

(8:10)

[FIRST POV]

:Russia

Breakfast was boring like any other breakfast. I ate my food slowly, picking at it uninterested. Every breakfast was the same thing since I could remember, always *Каша* (Porridge) and *Яйца* (Eggs). With my fathers weird ways this had lead to me to start skip breakfast, ***'The most important meal of the day!'*** my ass.

I yawned and pushed my food back. Dad was talking to a maid, she was holding a folder that looked empty. Just hold the papers at this point, not like the folder is doing much anyways? She handed it over and bowed before walking away. My father took the **two**, see! I was right. He took the two papers out and looked through them. The table was quiet as we looked up.

"Huh. King Britian sent his eldest out to war. I doubt he'll live a day,"

Dad cleared his throat,

"Knowing on how he looks. Quite malnourished I say so myself."

His husky russian accent deepened as he flipped the page over. He seemed to read it for a moment before speaking again.

"So is his second eldest, but he's staying on deck for restock. Should've been the opposite."

I agreed mentally and shifted in my seat. Armenia sighed,

"Who's all in this war anyways, papa?"

He looked at the other paper and passed it down. Armenia took it and I read it over his shoulder. Dynasty Kingdom, our kingdom, 战争与和平 (War and Peace) Kingdom, and a whole bunch of random helpers of South Korea. Our kingdom was against Americas. I looked away and stood,

"May I be excused?"

My father looked over at me,

"I would prefer you to not. But if you need, yes."

I said my thank you and left quickly. I was hot and nauseous. We're helping with military weaponry, which isn't a surprise, but murder is very looked down upon myself. I've never liked it.

(TW: Murder and sensitive topics)

[THIRD POV]

Russia, around the age of six, walked down the halls of the same kingdom he's always been in. It was a week after Kazakhstan's birth. Him coming out as an swan avian, would raise questions about his father's wife. She was an avian herself, but the first two came out much like their father.

Down the tall halls, maids scurried to help the baby's needs and care. Russia looked for his mother, and mainly ask if he could see the new sibling he was being told about. It's been hours since he'd seen his mother.

He wandered down the hall by himself. Usually by this point he would've been found and put in a spot where they could see him and not get away, but the maids being so busy, little do they know Russia had left that room minutes ago.

Yells came from his father's room. It sounded like a lady in distress at first before she was silenced with the sound of a hit. He then heard his father yelling before the lady started yelling back, sobbing. There was a lot of noise, random russian yelling and screams of frustration. Russia stared at the door in front of him. He didn't understand, his father was never like this, Russia barely even heard his father speak.

A screamed echoed through the room, loud enough to be heard down the hall. It was muffled quickly, the sound lasted till it faded out with a gasp. Russia reached for the door handle and opened the door. His stomach dropped with fear and devastation, there laied his mother, covered in blood and lifeless. His father held a knife, stabbed into her neck and dragged down into her chest. It was disgusting. Messy and gross. Tears fell down Russias face, he tried to understand, but he couldn't.

King Union stepped back, looking up and noticing his eldest. His eyes widenrd and quickly pushed him out,

"Quiet child, I- this is an act, yes? I'll get you anything you've ever wanted if you don't dare to tell a soul."

Unions hand ran through Russia's hair, making it more messy than it way.

"Mama's *dead*."

[FIRST POV]

I made it outside to the courtyard. It was still cold as ever like last night. The cold has always made me feel safe, the winds, grey skies, and the snow. I remember hours outside, just to play in the snow when I was younger. One of the only places that I wouldn't be pampered with a maid so far up my ass.

I smiled and sat down. The winds breezed through hitting my face, it was cold and soft, blowing my hair back. Thats when I decided I was going to leave, I didn't want to be here. I've never wanted to be here.

"...Ah, fvck."

[THIRD POV]

(8:52am)

Russia had collected pockets worth of stuff, as in: cash, a pocket knife, a lighter, two rolls of weed, a cigarette, and a small wooden toy bear about the size of this thumb. He was back in his room. Russia changed into dark blue and black clothing, slipped some cotton gloves on, and a sweatshirt that fit good so he could have a bigger hood. As the hood wouldn't cover his face, he slipped a winter mask on and a scarf. Boots were tied tight and he was ready to go.

Where he was headed it was going to be cold, so it was better to be safe than sorry. He checked the halls before walking out and sneaking into the garden.

Russia has sneaked out many times, since he was 10. Always bored and off doing something he probably shouldn't for his high status, but he always came back.

This time, what if he doesn't?

What if he never even gets to where he wants to go?

What if this was just some bullsh!t move to leave the kingdom and get attention?

Thoughts lingered in Russia's mind. He knows that this time is going to be a while before he makes it back to the castle. He had to admit, he was kind of scared to go alone. Alone into places he's never been or allowed to be in. He's got barely enough money to suffice him at least a month. Russia only grabbed about 70 dollars, which isn't going to do him much.

Pushing those problems in the back of his mind, he slipped through an alley way once he got into the village below. Snow had already started to build up against the walls from the wind blowing through. Russia ran his hands against the coolness, breathing out

softly. He needed a map, though where could he get one?

After a while of walking, voices were heard from a corner. Russia slowed and listened, not wanting to be noticed.

"Nah dude, that war is going to have a crazy outcome. From 'hat bri'ish scumbag with his poor de'ision makin', to 'his fucked up system this king can't get his mind 'round!"

"You keep sayin' that, I bet you one is going to take over. And it ain't goin' to be that south with the british helping!"

The two guys laughed, sounding like they're under the influence on something strong. Russia had to step back just to waft the smell away. A lot of words were slurred or incoherent.

"Anyways, have you seen the princess? The blonde chick?"

The second guy said, whistling afterwards. The first guy agreed with too much enthusiasm. This is when Russia decided he was done. He pushed himself up the wall, grabbing the top of the brick and pulling himself onto the roof. This was a short building of some sort. He looked back at the guys, but they were gone.

It seemed to get colder the longer he stood in place, making him move on. Alley ways were usually closed off to prevent this kind of stuff, but the walls were always torn down by drunks and seller by the next week. Russia probably knows every alleyway by heart. Off to the right, the main path of bypasser seemed to die down as the wind was picking up.

Store after store, Russia couldn't find one that would suit him in getting a map. Places with food or clothing never would have a need to have a map just laying around.

Minutes after walking he found an old man with newspapers. He must be passing through, he was wearing red and gold, not the Peresvet uniform colors. Russia found a place to jump off the roof and made his way closely to the cart. There was a short line of a woman with a baby, a middle aged man, and a kid around 12. Slowly he made his way up, finding coins to pay with.

"Hello sir, todays news: *Out For War?*"

"Uh, do you have a map I could see?"

The old man thought for a moment, the wrinkles shaping his face down seemed to get heavier. His hand reached back into the cart with a folded up map that looked new but sun bleached,

"2 dollar"

Russia handed him the coins and took the map, opening it. It was hard to read, but it would suffice.

"Come on, get a move on now!"

Russia quickly walked away, folding the map back up and shoving it in his pocket. He must look like a traveler, many looked displeasingly towards him. Most women pulled their kids closer to them, speeding up as they walked by.

The sun had reached its peak by the time Russia was able to make it out of the congested streets of uptown. Down the long road of emptiness was covered in snow, only some paths of footprints still laid from mornings walk.

This was a lot better.

Russia pulled the map back out taking a good look at it. There was one continuous road leading through the trees before its line ends about halfway. If he wants to survive in the cold or at least get somewhere before he dies of thirst or starvation, he's going to need to find a cart. Or a horse. Both works.

Once when he was a kid, his mother took him down to this farm with beautiful green grass. It was late spring, so it was just at the perfect temperature. Russia's mother would him all the things she did when she would visit down her when she was younger, never imagining she would marry into royalty. This is when he rode a horse for the first time, the most thrilling and terrifying thing he'd done that year.

Hopefully they guy still had horses.

(6:30am)
[THIRD POV]
:America

Early that morning America was awoken with yelling and rush. That night the group of night watchers all died. Two had their heads cut off while the rest had their chest ripped open and missing organs. This made Americas stomach turn even more.

He sighed and slipped on the days clothes. A push came from every person walking by, surely going to give him sore shoulders by tonight.

"This is dumb"

America mumbled, taking in the cold humid air from outside. It was sticky but freezing at the same time, if you know what that feels like. Today was going to be a mess.

It smelt of bleach and iron. The amount of pungent smells could make you sick just breathing a little too hard.

America couldn't comprehend why he was the one who had to do this. He knew Canada was better, a **lot better. Canada has always been better at doing things. Does his father want him to die? Nothing that America is going to do isn't going to impress him one bit.**

He's being mocked.

Mocked for kings own amusement.

Bullsh!t.

.....

I had no motivation to finish this 🤔 im so glad I did though. School started and ive been really busy, along with moving back across the country. Hate to make ya'll wait :(

I did draw russia though

For this AU it says BOAF (*even though it should be FOAB*)

My art style is very inconsistent btw

[Russia in full uniform (Lwk dont like it all too much now, like, a year later)

[And my personal favorite drawing I've ever of him. This is a different AU so it isnt relevant, but maybe if this story does well I might write one for this AU!

Anyways! Hope you enjoyed this chapter, good night, morning, and anything between!

Word count: 3508

Long Story Short - Chpt. 7

Its been a while... hey! Uh, sorry for the wait ☹ Ive busy with school and work and rn everything is reaching the end for keystones in two months (gross). Anyways. I have changed the plot slightly so if some things dont quite line up, thats why. Uh, enjoy this chapter!! </3

.....

[THIRD POV]

(9:44am)

:Russia

Russia had only walked for about 20 minutes before reaching the end of the road that was on the map. In person, a road was still there so he just followed it. The wind had died down, making it warmer out. The sun was helping, as it was suddenly a bright sunny day. These kind of days are like the ones you get deja vu from, but when you experience it again it's uncomfortable. Down the road was a rough looking barn, the roof had metal sheets ripped off and the wood frame was showing. Russia grumbled, this wasnt a good sign.

He might be out of luck and Russia didn't like that. Walking up to the run down building, a whiney from a horse scared the sh!t out of him. Russia looked inside, finding two horses, each having their own stall. One horse was a grey Orlov Trotter and the other was a more brown than black Vladimir. Both horses were absolutely stunning. Russia walked in all the way, both horses staring at him. He honestly didn't know what in the world he was going to do. The last time he'd rode a horse he was like eight.

Russia walked closer to the Vladimir, it stepping back. It huffed, not liking Russia in his bubble. Russia stepped away and turned to the other horse. Neither horse was enjoying the new company of a stranger. The sun was shining perfectly down into the barn from the ripped ceiling. Russia looked up and sighed, if he didnt know how to even gear up a horse, he wouldnt even be able to know how to

ride one properly. He soon gave up on the idea of stealing a horse and left, not before noticing a house half a mile away.

The house didn't seem to be in the greatest condition either. Run down but still lived in. Russia debated whether he should try snooping around or not. There wasn't a cart or carriage in sight. He walked towards the house. Once walking upon the building, he looked through the windows. It was dark inside and completely unfurnished? Russia found this odd and decided not to go inside. Squatters exist you know. He continued the down the road in silence.

He walked for what felt like forever, probably around two hours at this point. He wasn't getting anywhere. Russia didn't even know where he was going, the map didn't do sh!t. Clouds had started to cover the sky again and the cold air was becoming more effective. Did Russia make a mistake? He barely knew America, let alone they didn't even have a good enough relationship for this. Maybe it's for the adventure, thrill, new environment? Any answer was an excuse. Was this really all for America?

In the distance sounds of bells and singing were heard. Russia couldn't make out what they were saying, making him slightly agitated. He walked closer to the sound. They weren't traveling so the sounds were at a rest somewhere. If these people thought they were alone, they'd be mistaken. At the sheer horror of a man, taller and lanky in size, staring at where the sound was coming from sent chills down Russia's back. This man did not look inviting one bit, like he would tear your head off and use it as a soup bowl.

Russia slowly walked closer, keeping some distance. Eventually the taller man noticed Russia's presence and pointed a gun at him in one swift motion. Russia stopped and slightly lifted his hands,

"Woah there!"

They stared at each other.

"Who are you?"

"Me? I should be asking that!"

Russia scoffed, eyeing the other human creature in front of him. The man stepped closer, a tail flicking side to side in an irritated fashion.

"People like you aren't out here."

"People like me?"

Russia laughed, before fading slowly into a uneasy expression. The man hadn't broke eye contact or the steady hold of the gun. With a sigh, Russia stepped back,

"Just let me pass. I dont want to be part of... whatever you're trying to do."

"And how do I know that?"

"Dude, are we deadass? Why in the hell would I have the need to disturb your human watching, or whatever?"

"I'm not human watching, it's called planning."

"Good for you buddy!"

Russia crossed his arms, scoffing. This guy was being a pain in the ass. His eyes went back to the gun. It looked new, but he was uncertian if there was actually bullets inside.

The guy didnt seem to be having it either. His lizard like tail flicking harder in frustration.

"Just let me pa-"

"No, I've decided you're staying with me."

The lizard guy rested his arm and looked back at the still singing and quite annoying people. The guys voice was a low raspy sound, he had a slightl accent but it wasn't strong enough to be noticed. Russia was appaled at the sudden decision.

"Excuse me? I'm not some slave you can pick up!"

"There's a difference between slavery and being a hostage."

Russia groaned,

"What if I just, ran away?"

The gun was pointed back at him. He shifted and crossed his arms, knowing if he did try getting away he'd be shot. And that doesn't feel nice, so that plan was thrown away.

"Okay then, can I at least get your name?"

"No."

"Kay, damn."

The guy pointed his gun at the two people and shot them dead. Silence spoke, making it peaceful for him. For Russia this made his heart race. The gun in fact did have bullets. From the experience so far, Russia decided he was going to call this man Richard. As that probably wasn't even close, he didn't really care.

Richard stepped towards the now two dead people. They had a cart set up to camp in with a fire dancing in the middle of two chairs with too much design. Russia glanced away, stepping back. Richard quickly looked back at him and stared.

"Come."

"Pardon? I am not your dog."

"I said come, so you listen to me."

The gun was pointed back at Russia. He hesitantly started walking behind Richard. Once reaching the dead bodies, both yelped to see a child standing there, beside the cart, staring at them in horror. Russia cleared his throat,

"You're not going to kill a child."

"Are you suggesting for me to kidnap her?!"

"You kidnapped me!"

"You're a grown man!"

"That shouldn't matter!"

The child turned and ran. Both Russia and Richard watched her run away. Russia glared at Richard,

"Don't."

"Don't tell me what to do."

The gun was thrown into the cart. There wasn't a said objective so they awkwardly stood there for a moment.

Eventually Richard started stealing things and throwing stuff out of the cart he didn't want. They were taking the cart as well apparently. Russia didn't know what to do. He sat down on a log with a blanket on it. The blanket looked old and loved, definitely been through some shit.

"Alright, get yr lazy ass up in here."

Richard yelled at Russia from inside the cart. Russia got up reluctantly and into the back of the cart with all the random junk the lizard man wanted. It was till only now did Russia realize there was a whole ass ox in front of the cart.

They started moving. It wasn't fast but better than walking and wasting energy. Most of the ride was silent till Richard spoke,

"What are you doing going out this way anyways?"

Russia looked up from the back,

"Uh- that's personal information."

"...Hmm."

Richard sighed,

"My name's China."

Russia shifted. China was a lot better than Richard.

The name sounded familiar to the Russian prince. He moved to his knees, leaning closer to the front seat where China sat.

"Aren't you that guy on those papers or whatever?"

"Proly. The one that's like, 'Prince becomes Villain!' or whatever?"

"Yeah, villain?"

"Yeah, it's villain. Weird right?"

Russia agreed. He was still high alert despite the current situation. It was getting dark outside and the only light they had was a shitty lantern hanging in the front.

Through the night it was silent. The road was bumpy and it was cold. Russia had a hard time falling asleep, mainly because he was laying on the world's itchiest hay blanket. He shifted around and laid out the best he could.

FIRST POV]

(6:37am)

:Russia

I was still in this dumbass cart. I'd only woken from being tossed up and hitting my head on the floor. He had hit a pot hole a little too fast. I sat up and looked outside. China made the ox stop, as he looked scared as shit.

"What the fuck?"

He muttered under his breath. I stretched and moved next to him,

"What happened?"

China looked at me, putting his long, straight, hair up.

"This ol' girl got spooked. Not sure from what."

He stood and stepped down, looking around, cocking the handheld.

I didn't move, having no desire to follow. We were somewhere completely different. There was more trees than before and made me feel congested. The trees were a lot taller too.

China make his way around the cart before getting back in the front seat. He set the gun down by his feet, stepping on it with one foot.

"Must be wolves or sum."

China suggested. I sighed and sat back again,

"Figures. Where are we even going?"

"Back to my kingdom."

"Your kingdom? You stay there even if you left royal status. Arent you afraid you'll be hated or found to kill?"

I was shocked. Why would someone leave such high status right before they become king, especially when you're the only heir produced. Then just leave? I mean I just left, but I'll go back! Become king! I'm not going to lose such a high powered position.

Anyways, we were moving again. This time I had fallen asleep.

[FIRST POV]

(11:04pm)

:China

Why do I always have random ass people with me?

Life would be a lot easier if they weren't just in my way. This guy, rusha or whatever his fuck face is named, isn't that bad. He's definitely got a stick up his ass though.

I've been sitting on this cart for way too long. And we're currently being stalked by wolves. Fun.

"You awake?"

I called back. After a few moments of silence I glanced back. Of course his lazy ass was sleeping. I sighed and slowed, pulling back,

my tail flicking against the cart support beam with a thud. The ox halted to a stop. We were entering the forest and I really didn't want to do that yet. I hopped down and fed the ox some wheat. She ate slowly, clearly tired. I wonder how long she'd been on the road before I stole her. The old girl was definitely getting to the end of her days.

The moon was full, bright and beautiful. The path was fed by Queen of The Nights, unbloomed. I moved back into the cart, slipping into the back. I laid down on the opposite side from the Russian. To be fair, he slept peacefully. He looked a lot better without a pissy face.

(10:47am)

That morning I woke to Russia gone. I cursed under my breath and pushed myself up. My hair laid messily over my shoulders and in my face, I had lost my hair tie through the night. Outside, the sun shined brightly upon the cool winter day. Yawning, I stood up, stepping out into the light. My tail stretched before resting and waving slightly with each step. I jumped slightly finding the Russian just standing there talking to the ox like she was a dog.

I cleared my throat, brushing my hair back with my fingers. Russia quickly looked at me.

"Ah, good morning. How, how long have you been awake?"

"I'm surprised you didn't run away."

I ignored his question. I could tell he didn't even have a single thought of leaving as his face showed a moment's worth of regret and self pity. I sighed disappointingly and walked closer.

"You're a dumbass."

The ox huffed at the touch of my hand. She probably wants to get moving and tired of being in the same spot. I pushed Russia back in the cart with some struggles before he gave in. He pouted like a child.

"This is unfair. Why do you even want me?"

He had his arms crossed and his legs indian style. I sat in the front and thought. I don't think I ever came up with the reason for his presence. Maybe I was lonely? Needed a sense of reality? Whatever the reason was I'm regretting it.

"Because."

I said simply. He groaned and I heard a light thump from him throwing himself forward into the middle of the cart base. I rolled my eyes. How could this almost grown man act as bad as my younger sister? And I tell you she's a *huge* bitch. Huge as in physically and mentally.

I got the ox moving and leaned back. It was going to be another long day.

We should be in the 战争与和平 kingdom by dusk. You'd expect me to not go back to the place I purposely left and I'm quite hated on at. But- you know, *where* would I go? And I have a place down in the village I've been staying at, I can't just leave. Even though I don't like the guy much, he does host a great living space. And! He's never really home. I'm not too sure, what he does... that shouldn't matter though. Yeah.

Russia got up and stuck his head out from the back, his arms resting in the cushioned wooden seat.

"Where are we going?"

"Back to my kingdom."

"The uh... uh... mmm... I don't know how to say it."

"战争与和平 Kingdom."

"Ew."

I looked at him with some offense, my tail flicking a few times. He looked back awkwardly with some confusion. Even if I hate the kingdom, it's still home. Russia pushed himself up and sat next to me. I huffed silently at the slightly weight shift on the bench seat.

"Your fatass is going to break the seat."

I groaned. He scoffed and glanced at me.

"I am not. You just weigh 50 pounds so I seem heavy."

"50?! I am **not** a skinny whore."

I scoffed and shifted my feet back till they hit the seat board. I pushed my hair back out of my face.

"And I'm 142 pounds. Not 50."

"Yeah, yeah. Whatever."

Russia sighed and messed with his shoes. They looked somewhat clean but old. I'm honestly surprised how nice they are, but that won't long. This make me look at my own shoes. They were rough compared to Russia's. Mine were old leather sewn together with string as shoe laces. Russia's were black fine leather with small rope like string that worked as the lace. This make me slightly self conscious, my tail flicking to the other side of me in annoyance. I remember having the fine luxury of nice things. The money to own and buy them. Now all I have is change and new things once a year.

I brushed off the slight guilt of my actions and put my eyes back on the path. The ox made her way down the hill that came up. I tensed slightly. Russia glanced at me when we both heard the sound. It was a scream, a human scream.

"Well... uh, that isn't a good thing to hear when you are in the middle of a forest."

I stated, honestly scared for our safety. My gun only had three bullets left. Russia sighed.

"Where did that even come from?"

I had to think for a moment,

"Behind us..."

That made the both of us uneasy. Behind us is where we just were, and towards the entrance of the forest. I pushed my hair back for the third time and shook my head slightly with a sigh. Russia noticed this and took the ponytail out of his own hair and offered it. I declined a few times before I took it. I was secretly grateful. I quickly did a shit braid and put my hair in a bun. I used the ponytail to tie the braid off and just mastered tying my hair into a bun. It wasn't pretty, and I know that. But it was tactical.

A little while later we heard a gun shot. We were definitely being followed and that was alarming. I looked at Russia.

"Are you being looked for."

He thought, then his face disorted into annoyance.

"Ah fuck. Yeah, probably."

It weird to see his gears working in his brain.

"Dude."

"...Not my fault I'm royalty?"

I stared at him like he was stupid. He raised an eyebrow with offense.

"What?"

"You're dumb. Really fucking dumb."

Great. Now I'm stuck with a moron who doesn't think of their own status. We are being followed. Now not only is he going to get caught and brought back to his fucked kingdom, I will too because I'm a felon and be considered a kidnapper. If that happens, I'm going to kill him with my **bare** hands and lick them clean. My tail flicked at the thought.

I snapped the reins lightly to try to speed up the ox. I figured she was about deaf as she didn't bolt to the scream or gunshot. That was a problem.

"What do you have on you?"

I asked Russia. He dug in his pockets and took out 3 blunts, a small wooden bear, matches, a compass, a pocket knife, and about 70\$ dollars in money. I sighed disappointingly. He gave me an awkward look. My face must've looked like a mix of concern, disappointment, and confusion.

"How are you alive?"

I said somewhat softly in a harsh whisper. He shrugged,

"I've only been out here for two days now."

"..."

I stared at him for a long time. It was for so long he darted his eyes away and cleared his throat.

"Two. Fucking. Days?! You are **that** fucking close to your kingdom?!"

I was now pissed. I've never seen such a stupid man in my entire life. I sighed deeply and rubbed my face.

"Alright! Kay! What are we going to do?"

I laughed concernly, my tail wrapping around my leg. Russia shifted slightly away, not out of disgust or concern, but rather regret and awkwardness. I knew we had to get off this path, so I made a sudden decision that I might regret. I got up and moved back into the cart and grabbed my bag, shoving the certain things I wanted before jumping out of the cart.

"Hey! Wait, where are you going?!"

"I'm leaving! I don't want my head cut off!"

I barked back. He jumped off and followed me. The forest was dense and dry. Roots intertwined with each other like a grip that never wants to let go. Russia stumbled behind me just to keep up with my fast pace. I swooped through easily. I realized I was more

agile than he was and slowed slightly. Russia caught up and grumbled.

"You are so damn fast. Jeez."

"I'm built for agility. Unlike you. Speaking of that, what hybrid are you even?"

"Polar bear."

That's actually cool. That'd explain a lot actually.

"Huh..."

"What are you?"

"A Komodo Dragon, Red-Headed Agama mix hybrid."

"Well don't your parents love each other."

He muttered, more like an insult. I sighed and ignored his unnecessary comment.

We made it to a cliff. I cursed and glanced around. Russia stared down before grabbing my arm.

"Are we trying to hide?"

I nodded before he dragged me down the cliff side. I gasped and hissed slightly. I wrapped my tail around my waist immediately.

"What the fuck are you doing?!"

"I see a cave on the side. Can you see in the dark somewhat?"

"Uh, slightly?"

I was going to pull away, but I didn't trust myself with going down. There was a bunch of stumbling, small slips, and paused for recollecting. Minus the 10 minutes of struggling, we made it to the smaller cave. I looked around before turning to Russia. He let go of me and walked deeper in. I followed slowly behind him.

I found it slightly ironic that we were in a cave and he was a bear.

The cave went on for what felt like forever. Russia stopped at the end and turned to me.

"You good?"

"...Yeah... how'd you even see this up there?"

"The cave? Uh, the, the ridges? The rock ridges caving forward looked like an opening and I guessed."

I shook my head slightly, disappointed but a little impressed.

.....

Heeeyyy. I hoped you liked the chapter. This took me way too long 💖 Anyways! Have a good night/day/ or anything in between :>

Word count: 3498

The Bear Bites When Hungry -

Chpt. 8

[FIRST POV]

(11:37am)

:Russia

I stopped at the end of the cave and turned around to China.

"You good?"

I asked.

"...Yeah... how'd you even see this up there?"

I don't know, I was honestly surprised with myself!

"The cave? Uh, the, the ridges? The rocked ridges caving forward looked like an opening and I guessed."

China shook his head slightly with a sigh, glancing back behind him. I looked back at the cave walls, my eyes adjusting better to the dark and details. I kind of regret giving China my hair tie as my hair keeps getting in my mouth. I pushed it back and stretched.

"How long do you think we have to stay in here?"

I asked, turning back to him. China had sat down and was taking his hair out. It was super long, probably down to the back of his knee caps. He spoke to me without looking up from his hands,

"We should wait about half an hour to a full hour."

I sighed. I hate waiting. Outside the wind seemed to get faster as a huge gust pushed through, skimming against the damp cave walls. We both shivered slightly. Quiet dripping of water from stalactites hit the ground every half minute. I sat down next to China.

His hair was now in a better braid, thicker and fuller, but still long, now only ending to about his hip. I had to admit, he was pretty for a man, but not my type. Whoever gets their hands on him they'd be considered lucky.

I ran my hand through my hair, my nail accidentally pinching my ear. I hissed and rubbed it. China looked at me with confusion.

"What was that for?"

I watched as his tail flick to the other side of him. I shook my head slightly and sighed.

"I accidentally pinched my ear."

"Ear?"

I moved my curly hair out of the way from my bear like ear, showing him. His eyes focused on my one ear, giving a nod.

"So you have bear ears, not human like ears like I do?"

China asked, tilting his head slightly. I've noticed he does that a lot when confused or curious. I nodded at his question.

"Yup. Most don't realize because they're small and covered by my hair and the sides of my head are covered."

I moved the hair out of the way, pulling it back. China made a slight disgusted face at the abnormality of no ears on the side of a human's head. I let go of my hair and looked at where my feet were, tapping then together. I heard China sigh.

"Sorry."

The apology sounded forced and conflicted. I moved my arms around me, hugging myself and putting my knees to my chest.

"For what?"

"...I-... nevermind."

He shifted away and stood. I looked up at him as he moved away,

"Where are you going?"

My feet slid down with my hands following, resting on my ankles. China shook his head.

"I'll be back, I have to urinate."

I nodded and looked away. I listened as he walked back to the cave entrance. The sounds of water dripping to the rocky ground continued. Small fluttering flew above me. I quickly looked up and tried focusing my eyes on the sound.

"The fuck?"

I stood up and pushed my hair back. It must be a bat, a huge one at is. My eyebrows furrowed in discomfort, I wasn't fond of small creatures like that. Birds even.

I then stood there, slightly upset with myself. Staring in front of me for forever. How could I not like birds? Would that shame an avian? Discrimination? Am I starting to be like my father? These thoughts made me sick. My head hurt. My emotions were starting to get to me.

My breathing got heavier. I bit down harder on my other teeth, tears forming in my eyes. I felt as my arms pushed against my sides harder, my hands fisted. Around me got dizzy, darker, suffocating. Why did I leave? What is wrong with me?

More tears fell down my face. More and more. Too many.

I wiped my face off but they wouldn't stop. My knees felt weak, bending in. I fell to my knees, one arm wrapping around my stomach tightly, as if it was going to help. My nausea worsened. I covered my mouth with my other hand and caved forward. Tears continued to fall down my face, each tear warm. I felt like I was going to hurl. I hiccuped and gagged. I bent all the way forward and tried controlling my breathing, focusing on my stomach.

My hand tighten around my jaw, my teeth biting down harder. I

couldn't calm down, I was trying, making myself more upset. My breathing was now heavy and nauseating. I hiccuped again, almost throwing up. I moved my arm that held my mouth to wipe more tears.

I was shaking. My hands, arms, legs. I just want to stop. But I can't. Why can't I stop? Why? **Why?!**

"Uh, are, are you okay?"

I pushed myself up so fast and looked at China. I didn't even hear him walk back in. When I pushed myself back up I stumbled and almost hurled. I took deep breath and fisted my hands to try to hide my shaking.

"Yes, yes. I- I'm fine."

I was lying and he could tell. I probably looked awful. My face red and swollen. His weight shifted heavily and he came closer. I felt his hand rest on my shoulders and pushed me down. We went to the ground and sat there.

He took the ponytail, which was originally mine, out of his hair and put it in mine, pushing the hair out of my face. I could feel some sense of understanding and comfort. He was silent, his touch gentle and reassuring. I wouldn't have expected such thing from a stranger I met yesterday that I was forced to stay with.

China wiped my face off with his hands. Each hand was cool to the touch and smooth. I relaxed slightly, taking slow deep breaths.

"I'm sorry..."

I muttered shamefully. He shook his head,

"You are fine. Just breathe."

I nodded, not having enough energy to fight back. We breathed together. It honestly helped. China's hands fell down and held mine. I squeezed them tightly, he didn't question anything. I felt as his thumbs lightly rubbed against the tops of my hands. I stared down at them.

His breathing was slow and controlling. I tried to match his, but couldn't. His breathing was too fast compared to mine. That was probably just our difference in animals hybrids.

"You better?"

China asked softly, tilting my head up slightly so we met eyes. I swallowed, slightly flustered.

"Yeah... thanks."

He nodded letting go of my hands and moving back to make space between us.

[FIRST POV]

(12:28pm)

:America

I sat on the wooden bench in the suffocating lunch room. We were barely given anything to eat, not like I wouldve even ate much. I stared at the slop, disgusted. It was brown, mushy, and had clumps of something I don't even know of.

A man sat down next to me. He had the same food, but just less... watery?

"Hey kid."

I looked at his face, it was the Turkish man from yesterday. He looked at my bowl,

"You should eat. Thats the best we've got."

I shook my head. I didn't have any kind of appetite. The man frowned and went back to himself.

"I'm Turkiye."

Turkiye... isnt he some famous sailor or something? His face was beaten up and rough, a scar over one eye. I gave him a nod, reminding myself that I should acknowledge an adult.

"I'm America."

"I know."

He said, taking a big spoonful of the mush,

"Everyone here knows."

Right, I told myself, I am royalty. Who doesn't know me that isn't from around here? I nodded once again, I wasn't really sure how to answer. I rubbed my face, it hurt. My clothing was tight and sweaty. I moved my hand under my shirt pulling at my binder. Sweat was collecting and it was uncomfortable. The dampness made it worse, everything felt wet.

Turkiye noticed this and glanced at me funny. I quickly removed my hand and wrapped my arms around my chest subconsciously.

"Why aren't your wings clipped?"

Turkiye asked bluntly. I furrowed my eyebrows in disgust and anger.

"Pardon?"

I looked at him, my wings tensing up, puffing slightly.

"Your wings, that's a hazard. They should be clipped back like the others. I don't get why you have special treatment compared to other avians just because you are royalty."

He said it with hatred, disgust. This pissed me off more. Great. He's bitchy and a racist. He eyed me after a few moments of silence.

"Hello? It's rude to ignore someone when they're speaking to you. Haven't you learned? You are royalty."

I looked away, rolling my eyes. I don't need another parent telling me what to do.

"I do not want to speak with you if you'd like to be racist."

I scoffed. He chuckled, tapping his spoon on the stone table.

"I am not, you aren't black. I can't be racist."

I glanced at my hands, yeah I wasn't black, but rather darker skinned. That didn't mean anything either. You can be racist to any color, and any species of hybrid.

"That's not what I meant, and you know that."

I glared at him, my wings pulling down and caving around me hips. He rolled his eyes with a grin. Türkiye ate more of the mush.

"You're such a whine ass. Accept your cursed decent and act like it."

My stomach turned and flared with butterflies. I knew I couldn't do anything and that just made me angrier. What is this dude's problem?

"Excuse me—"

I shifted away from him,

"What did I do to you?"

He stared at me for a long time, his eyes on my chest more than I'd like. I crossed my arms. His eyes finally looked at my face.

"Whore."

Türkiye stood up and walked away. I scoffed, dumbfounded. I muttered a few curses before grabbing my still full bowl and tossed it in the garbage. The bowl was made out of plastic and breaking so it was fine. Once stepping outside the humidity hit me once again. Inside was hot and outside was damp and cool.

I took a deep breath, now cold instead of hot. My sweat didn't help as the cool breeze made it cold against my skin. I ran a hand through my hair, looking around. We were still in sea, fog surrounding us for miles. This was straight up torture for me. I'm supposed to be a prince, I wasn't raised for this! But here we are! I'm just a pawn to someone's game like everyone else.

A guy bumped into me. I moved back stared at him. It was another avian, he glared at me, staring at my unclipped wings. He then looked back at his wings. They looked strained and in pain. His hand reached out to touch mine before I pulled back. My eyebrows furrowed. The man scoffed and walked away. I quickly walked down to the bedding hall, finding my room.

In the room was stiff and held a moldy smell. I crunched my nose and wiped my mouth off. I started drooling. Gross. The bed was also gross. It had a hard mattress and one blanket with a thin pillow. None of it says, "you'll be fine!". I shook my head with a sigh and sat down. Last night was awful. I dont even think I got a good hour of sleep. I also believe I fell off twice.

The walls were a deep brown, a beautiful deep brown. The lights yellow and dim, a carpet on the floor was a royal blue. A deep royal blue with silver colored patterns on the edges. It was a pretty carpet... seemingly reminding me of someone. I breathed out deeply and tilted my head back on the wall behind me. Closing my eyes, I thought of that prince. Russia it was. That's who the carpet reminds me of. The dark blue just like his gorgeous eyes. I wish to see them again, for him to speak to my, hold me. I smiled softly to myself.

I can't believe I fell for someone so fast. But who wouldn't? He was the embodiment of a perfect man, prince, soon to be ruler. He'd make a good father as well. I opened my eyes and stare out in front of me. A good father... too many thoughts came to mind. I blushed furiously and tightened my legs together. I brushed off the dirty thoughts.

I chuckled faintly and laid on my side, crunching up. It was hard to stop myself, but I did. It would be really embarrassing if someone walked in on me pleasing myself. I rubbed my face aggressively and pushed myself back up suddendly. Standing, I fixed my binder and walked back out to the hallway. I was currently supposed to be in the storage room and sorting weaponry or something. I dont know really.

I snuck in and to my spot, sitting on a smaller wooden crate and going through cartons of shit.

[FIRST POV]

(12:51pm)

:China

We'd left that cave a while ago. Since Russia small episode we hadn't spoke much. It was too awkward. My hair was down again, and in the way. I scoffed, slowing. I had **no** idea where the fuck we were going! We are just walking, in the middle of god knows where! I don't even think we're going the right direction.

I stopped a little too sudden as Russia bumped into me. He apologized but I waved him off, not caring much as it was my fault.

"Why'd you stop?"

He asked, moving to stand next to me. I breathed out deeply and shrugged.

"I dont know."

My eyebrows furrowed in annoyance. How the *hell* do I not know? Russia leaned against the tree beside us and looked around.

"What if-."

I shook my head,

"Climbing a tree wont help. We'd be too heavy to reach the very top and look over."

He stared at me slightly dumbfounded.

"How did you-?"

"I'm not stupid. I've tried that, before."

Russia stood up straight again and shook his head slightly in disappointment. I crossed my arms and stared at his face. It looked rough, nothing like his overexaggerated paintings you'd find. I've must've been staring too long as he waved his hand in front of my face. I glanced away and grumbled.

"Sorry."

I continued walking, him following somewhat behind. I had to remind myself a few times that Russia wasn't as agile as I was. Lost in thought I hit my tail hard against a tree. I yelped in pain and stopped to hold the spot I hit. Russia stopped and stared.

"You good?"

I nodded, biting my tongue to hold tears back. A sound came from my stomach, I was hungry. I blushed, embarrassed. Russia shifted, eyeing me.

"Did you grab any of the food from the cart?"

It was silent, way too silent.

"...*Shit.*"

How in the **fuck**. Have I forgotten about food and water?! Those are literally basic necessities! I stared at Russia.

"Well... I guess I have to eat you."

"What?!"

I rolled my eyes, only half joking. Swallowing, I went and found rocks to sit on. Russia followed. He sat down next to me, still a little weary at my statement. I groaned,

"Chill out, I was joking."

Was I really? I shook my head and remembered he had things in his pockets.

"Don't you have a pocket knife?"

He nodded.

"I also have weed."

I opened my mouth, thought, then looked at him.

"Do you also have a lighter?"

"I've got matches."

Russia showed me two rolled blunts and a box of matches. I figured getting high would help sustain the hungry for a little while. We shared a blunt before lighting on a second one. I think this is the most quietest and calmest I've ever been high, in the middle of nowhere, and just in general.

I jumped slightly when Russia started speaking, embarrassing myself a bit.

"I have a question."

I gave a nod, not only realizing he didn't see until moments later, making me speak.

"Yeah?"

"...Why *did* you leave the royal crown?"

My heart shifted. That was sure a sensitive question that I truly don't have an honest answer to. I felt as my shoulder brushed against his arm as I leaned forward, holding myself up with my hands against the rock. I stared at my feet, kicking lightly into the ground.

"I wish I really knew."

I finally said. Was I lying? Russia didn't say anything for a long time. I wonder if I had disappointed him in my answer.

"I'm looking for someone."

He spoke aloud. I glanced over to him, raising an eyebrow, tilting my head slightly.

"Someone?"

"Yes,"

He nodded,

"Another prince."

He seemed slightly bothered at the thought. I frowned and looked back at my feet. That could be anybody. I've met many princes.

"Who?"

I spat out. Russia didn't answer, pressing my patience a bit. I sat back up, crossing my arms and bringing my knees up half way, holding them in place by pressing my feet against the rock.

"Russ-"

"America English."

My eyes widened slightly. America? Out of all people? And why would he have a reason to know him?

"Isn't he from the Dynasty Kingdom? Where all those rumors of him being a female, his father beats him, his mother is an avian and tried taking over! Uhh... they had mass murders of avians at one point when King Britian was a child, yet he fucked one and had a child?"

I didn't mean to say all of that. I really didn't. I don't know *why* I did.

"..."

Russia didn't say anything, and I wouldn't have either. I licked my lips and felt embarrassed, I felt like I pushed too far.

"I'm sorry, I shouldn't have said all of that. I, I don't know-"

"No. I understand. I've heard all of those things as well. I don't know if any of those are true, but I also know it's a very toxic environment."

That made me sad. Really sad, and I don't know why. I remembered I was the one who had the blunt and took a very long drag, making

me light headed for a moment.

Maybe it was the similarity of situation. The toxicity of royalty that no one says is real or believes. And I know Russia has problems too, he fucking sobbed back in that cave. He looked so bothered with himself I'm surprised he let me touch him. I licked my lips again.

"Do you know what I find weird?"

Russia asked. I looked at him. His face was staring out in front of him, lost deep in thought.

"What?"

I watched his lips as he spoke.

"King Britian's parents are two ladies. There was two queens. And he acts like this? I rather think he just has a stick up his ass."

Russia's hands tighten up, I heard a scratch and looked down. Russia has retractable claws? This made me look at my hands, I had those too.

"I don't think he's against same gender relationship. And that's a very, pudding with a fork, statement."

I listened as he spoke, eventually looking away from my hands and back at his face. I gave a nod, trying to agree without knowing much really at all. He sighed deeply, rubbing his face with his hands. His claws were gone, red marks at his knuckles shown instead. I nodded again for some reason and glanced away, heavily taking in our surrounds all of the sudden.

For some reason my brain clicked in place. *I've been here before.* I stood up and brushed my pants. Russia stared at me.

"What are you doing?"

His voice sounded more grounding than before, like he was scared that I was leaving him. I shook my head? I did it again and turned around to him,

"Come."

I spoke, with no context. Russia followed anyways and rubbed off the blunt I had handed back to him before I stood. He slipped his stuff back in his uniform pockets and followed after. I had already walked somewhat away before noticing he wasn't close. This made me upset with myself because I was being impatient, that I was rushing.

Russia caught up and we walked together. The trees, rocks, path. I've been here. This is the path I took on the way over towards the Peresvet Kingdom. I only came out this way to find those traveler's to kill them. They had previously stole **my** things and thought they could get away with it.

We walked for what felt like forever. Was this area really that big and I was just so pissed I brushed this off as a walk?! I couldn't believe myself, smiling and shaking my head slightly. Our walking speed slowed down substantially. Russia was looking around, tripping slightly here and there and the roots grounds. I even triped at some point. I groaned and pushed my hair back.

"Can I have the ponytail back?"

I asked Russia, nervous and embarrassed. He nodded with a hum and took it out of his hair giving it to me. I thanked him and slowed a lot to braid my hair and still move. We soon just stopped walking.

"Do you want help?"

He asked. I nodded and he moved behind me. I wondered if he even knew how to do a braid. His hands ran through my hair gently. They were a lot bigger and slightly chunkier than my long, smaller, skinnier hands. The amount of comfort this sent through me was embarrassing.

Russia's hands moved slowly, delicately moving each strand. I was extremely flustered. What in the hell am I feeling? I swallowed hard. Once he finished he stepped away and huffed lightly.

"There you go."

I nodded, muttering an incoherent thanks. We continued walking. Something felt off as we got closer to the tree line. Like I knew that I shouldn't go this way, but I couldn't remember.

"Oh shit."

I said, dragging the word 'oh' and speaking in a slightly higher pitched tone. There was a cult around this area and I didn't really want to deal with that. I stopped and turned, walking the opposite direction without turning around. Russia glanced at me quickly a few times confused.

"What?"

"There's a cult somewhere around here!"

He looked flabbergasted which made it hard not to laugh at his face. I shrugged.

"At this point it really sounds like I'm **trying** to kill you, huh?"

Russia nodded, agreeing.

"Yeah, it really does."

His voice was sarcastic and annoyed. I licked my lips and immediately wiped them off with my hand right after. I had sped up with walking again. Russia tried keeping up. I remembered his bigger, sturdier size and slowed. He seemed grateful.

I hope we get to the village soon. This is taking too long and I might take up eating Russia as food a literal option. And I'm not being dramatic, I haven't eaten in three days, I forget, get the food, then end up in a situation where eating would be awkward and complicated. Water on the other hand? I drank the rest of it yesterday before I met Russia. No, sorry, not yesterday, no... yes? Oh jeez. I'm still a little hazed.

We walked, and walked, and walked.

Yes. That is in fact what we did, for the past hour! If you asked if I wanted to cry, I would say yes. So I cried as we walked. Russia

glanced at me.

"Are you-?"

"Yes. Shut, shut up."

My voice was frustrated and shakey as tears fell. He nodded and understood, going quiet and going back into his own little world. I swallowed hard.

I bit at my lip, peeling the skin off with my teeth. Wiping my eyes off a bunch of times, I cringed when a tear fell onto my lips. I licked my lips again and it was a god awful, salty, warm flavor.

I furrowed my eyebrows and sighed.

We needed a break.

.....

I got this chapter done in one day lmao. I was locked in bro. Anyways, your welcome! </3 luv ya!

Word count: 4094

Not All Happy Endings Are Good - Chpt. 9

**This chapter contains sexual themes and boyxboy*

[FIRST POV]

(1:47pm)

:Russia

We had been walking for a while. A while too long. At this point the trees had started to change. Everything is more of a, lush rainforest-ish green rather than a cloudy evergreen-green. I don't know how to explain it that easily. But the terrain didn't get any better.

China walked in front of me, we'd slowed down quite a bit, getting tired. We'd been in about an hour of silence, the only thing we heard was our steps and winds around us. China sniffled and stopped, rubbing his face. I could see his face now, it was slightly puffy, his eyes red and exhausted from crying. I awkwardly itched my arm before holding it slightly.

The growing humidity didn't help either, I felt gross. Going to china's kingdom, as I've heard by other nobels, was dense, hot, and gross feeling. I dont have too much humidity back home, so I guess this is what they were meaning.

"We're almost there."

China said suddenly, he said it though in a way of reassurance. I nodded, rubbing my hands through my sweaty hair. My neck wasnt great either. Despite it being chilly, holy shit were we sweating. Under these trees and actually feeling the heat without the wind was awful.

After **more** walking, we reached a wall. A very *long* wall. I rubbed my neck and looked up. The wall was quite tall too, 'bout... 34 feet?

50? 28?

"Its 32 feet right here, shortest area is 15 and tallest is like, 46? I don't fuckin' know."

I could tell china was out of it. His tail was flicking with annoyance for a while, almost hitting me a few times. He did once, but quickly apologized.

"We have to climb up and over to the tourist walking area."

I closed my eyes and breathed out. How in the **fuck** is my big piece of meat going to climb a brick rock wall? I don't even think my hands could properly hold myself up while climbing. I've never even climbed a wall before. He also has an advantage, have you seen him?! He's this nice, skinny, lanky, muscular, pretty, flexible dude! Like. And I'm not. Bear and lizard genes are quite different.

I crossed my arms and looked up at the top. China looked at me, tilting his head slightly. He had a question but wasn't spitting it out.

"What?"

My eyes found his. China swallowed and wrapped his tail around his leg, looking back at the wall.

"Im excited to see you try and climb this."

I frowned and looked at him fully with disappointment.

When I tell you it took me an hour to climb 34 feet, I mean it. China just sat at the top the entire time, encouraging me on as a bystander. No tips, not help, nor any true encouragment. I flumbled over the top and groaned. My hands hurt, they were scraped, I'm hot and even more sweaty, the air is getting more humid, and I'm now incredibly thirsty. The first thing I did getting at the top I stomped on China's foot as hard as I could. He yelped and instinctively punched me in the gut. I curled forward and coughed, gasping. He gasped out of surprise, before holding his foot and laughing. China leaned on the stone railing of the wall.

"That was on you."

"I didn't ask."

I grumbled. China slowly started taking his hair out, my eyes rested slightly, watching him. I fixed myself and stood back straight. I leaned on the side of the railings next to him. Each move of his fingers concentrated and gentle, slowly running down through his now unwinding braid. I swallowed and looked away in front of me. I wasn't sure if he was finding it awkward. This is when I noticed the village on the other side, colorful and beautiful. My eyes widen and I walk to the other side of the wall.

I leaned forward on my hands, pressed on the top of the railings.

"It's so much more beautiful and colorful compared to my kingdom."

I said, not removing my eyes from the paths, houses, ponds, and lights below. There was so much to look at even if most of it was the same. I felt China's presence move to beside me. All I got as a response though was a sigh. After it was quiet for a moment.

"It gets to you when you live here your whole life. Don't let its beauty distract you and tell you the wrong things."

Finally removing my eyes from the colors, I looked at him. It was kind of funny how he matched the colors that we saw down below, but I figured it wasn't the correct thing to say at the moment. His hair was fully down and over his shoulders. It was hard not to stare, he was more than pretty. I furrowed my eyebrows and glanced back away.

"Isn't every place like that? I mean, not all places look as pleasing, but each life contains different secrets and personalities."

The winds picked up a ton. Our hair blew to the right, the coldness feeling great.

"I guess your right. It's just... it holds trauma too, you know?"

China finally responses. I gave a nod with a 'mhm', pushing myself up from my hand and crossing my arms.

"Alright magazine boy, follow me."

I did not like that name and put my foot out to trip him. He actually did and I laughed my ass off. China brushed himself off and looked at me,

"What is your problem?"

He chuckled with some attitude. We went dead silent as two ladies in **way** to much clothing passed. They glared at us, griping their belongings tighter. Me and china looked back at each other after they passed, laughing again. We began walking down the endless treck of miles. Though we rather didnt walk far and at a shorter area of the wall we just hopped over into an alley. I coughed and stumbled once reaching the bottom, holding onto China whom was already waiting below.

"Good?"

"No. I'm not made for this, and its winter where I live, not hot and gross. I should be pre-hibernating."

"Pre-hibernating? You actually hibernate like bears do?"

"Not exactly, its very similar though."

"How so?"

I sighed, explaining this to people who don't hibernate is always rough.

"Like, well, okay. Its not like a full hibernation, but what happens is that exhaustion hits hard and there are times that we sleep from 4 to 13 days straight. It alternates for the weeks. Like, one 'week' we'll sleep for around, 8 days, then that wont happen untill a few days pass. But during those times as well we still are quite tired and lazy. Around this time, many of us gain a bunch of weight."

I shrug. China nodded and swooshed his tail.

"Huh, that is interesting."

"Im hungry."

"Me too."

We didn't do anything. We stood there for a while and just stared at each other before even making a move. We walked together through the busy streets and paths. Stands were everywhere, kids were playing and yelling, it was hot, humid, it stunk, I was dying, I was about to eat just anything I could get my hands on. Alive, dead, human, hybrid, or animal. My eyes followed the people around me, glares or surprise varied on the person. I bit down so hard it started to hurt my teeth, I didn't want any problems. I could tell China was eyeing people as well. His pupils were moving from one to another and his breathing had slowed a bunch, now more closer to my rate of breathing.

A guy had bumped into China rudely, which led to me grabbing China's arm to pull him away and keep him walking with me. At least I had some sense of control. If we weren't hungry, I would've totally let China beat the shit out of that guy, but I just didn't trust it.

Turning a corner, a whole bunch of smells hit us at once. I gagged and coughed again. China glanced around us, trying to find something, not sure what though.

Suddenly, I was pulled between a few stands and into another alleyway. We stopped at a door and China unlocked it, pushing us in. Inside was a small living space, a kitchen, and two doors leading to somewhere else. Inside was cooler but still warm. China quickly went to a freezer and pulled out a slab of red meat. He didn't even care to cook it, just stared eating it. I was honestly shocked at this, as for my status, eating raw was barbaric-like, it showed a loss of self control or your humanity. I swallowed. I was hungry though it did smell and look good.

Soon I gave in, China let me pick whatever. I felt bad as I knew I was going to eat a lot, so I tried not to. This experience also made me realize raw meat tastes amazing. I had two salmon, a carp, and a slab of cow. Our hands and mouths were beyond disgusting. China soon began talking as he ate.

"This is the guys house I was talking about earlier."

He spoke between bites and chews. He was eating part of a lamb, tearing that thing apart.

"Ah, I figured as soon as we walked in. Does he pay for all of this?"

China nodded, shoving a huge piece of meat into his mouth. I thought about that sentence and held in a giggle. I wiped my mouth to cover a smile, recomposing myself. After we finished eating, we cleaning up and laid on the couch. I laid on one side and he laid on another. Our legs were slightly kinda intertwined, but had space here and there as it was hot. I took my sweatshirt off and gagged slightly.

"Jesus christ I fucking stink."

My sweatshirt was tossed onto the floor. China crinkled his nose, smelling himself.

"We both smell awful and need bathed."

I yawned and noded, crossing my arms. We've must've zoned out too long as one second I was awake, and the next I was sleeping.

[FIRST POV]

(6:34pm)

:China

10 days later

This must be what Russia was talking about. I sat on the floor staring at him for a while, incredibly impressed on him sleeping for about ten days straight. At some point I sprayed a bunch of air freshener on him and around the room, I really couldn't handle the smell.

I, on the other hand, showered seven times in these ten days. Though rather I'd probably be feeling cleaner and smell better if this huge piece of junk woke up and showered. Sitting in your own filth for thirteen days gross. I know it isn't his fault, but still.

It wasnt till two days later that he woke up. I was in the kitchen, doing my own thing, like making food, when he sat up and

groaned. I turned around and leaned on the counter.

"Morning stinky."

I teased, shoving an apple slice in my mouth. He muttered something less incoherent than a baby and stood, stretching. I chuckled at the russians reaction of his own smell.

"Bro, eugh. Vat you spray on me? I feel this make me smell much vose."

My heart raced just slightly as the sleepy and stronger russian accent. This made him finally sound like his true self, kind of attractive but bitchy. So it was a turn on. I pushed my hair back and shifted my weight back and off of against the counter.

"Air freshener. It was fine for a while, then now here we are. The first thing you should do is shower!"

I encourage, shoving another apple slice in my mouth, and a little too far and quick as I gagged when it hit the back of my throat.

"God damn."

Russia chuckled at my action.

"The hell did you do?"

I wiped my mouth with my arm and shoved the apple back in my mouth.

"Apparently tried deep throating an apple slice."

Shaking my head, I went to cut another apple.

"Bathroom is the door to the left, also, for the clothes situation, I'll clean them, you'll just have to sit in trousers for a while."

I glanced up and paused cutting. Russia raised an eyebrow and glanced down. He was thrown off, finally realizing I was shirtless. He cleared his throat and looked away.

"Perv."

He walked to the bathroom and shut the door lightly. I continued cutting my second apple and ate it. Once he was in the showered I walked in the bathroom and took his dirty clothes.

"I'll leave a clean pair of trouser that haven't been worn before for you."

"Alright."

Then I left! Well, not far. I just went back into the kitchen. I filled the sink up with hot water and poured a bunch of fabric cleaner in to mix with. Along with some dry flower dusts to help even more with the smell. I made sure everything was out of his pockets before letting the clothes bathe in the hot water for a while. Meanwhile, I tried doing a handstand. Being home made me a lot happier. No awful heat, starvation, thirstiness, nice comfortable sleep! All those good things.

Once I heard the water turn off I stood back up and put my hair up. Russia opened the bathroom and sighed.

"They are leetle bit small."

I laughed,

"You look like a twink!"

Russia frowned and crossed his arms, a bit self-consciously. My eyes took in his body before smirking with a whistle.

"Nice."

I winked and went back to the sink to scrunch and flip his dirty clothes. I could hear him scoff and move to the couch.

"Yourz such a pervert."

Outside was loud today and you could hear that from the window. Kids, men, and instruments were bouncing off of each other. I dried my hands off before walking to the window to glance outside. The

stupid ass food cart was in my way. The guy running it was reading, but saw me in the corner of his eye and blushed furiously at my state. I raised an eyebrow unamused and slightly annoyed before groaning and shutting the curtain. I looked at Russia,

"The guy that owns this place came by the other day. He was shocked to find a 200 pound bear on his couch stinky and unconscious. He thought I kidnapped you from the sewers."

Russia looked offended which made me chuckle.

"Vell, is not that fun? At least I had clothes on- China! Look at me, face is up here."

He groaned and put his legs up so I couldn't see what he was packing. I rolled my eyes, slightly annoyed. I shifted my weight to my other side and set my foot up on the low coffee table, leaning slightly forward.

"Whatever... he didn't care though. He only came by to grab something. I wasn't paying attention."

I looked back at his chest and as far low as I could before his face again.

"You know, you could fill me right up."

"What?!"

He was flustered as hell. I chuckled and bit at my nail.

"You know what I mean."

I winked. Russia looked away and tightened up, crossing his arms. Outside noise picked up as it became more crowded. I stood back up straight and glanced back at the window, annoyed. I looked back at Russia.

"I thought I wasn't going to like you, now here we are, me wanting you to take me. I mean it's loud enough outside I doubt much sound would be heard."

"Shut up you whore!"

His face was red and embarrassed. His eyebrows furrowed.

"Like come on."

He muttered, covering his mouth slightly with his hand. I couldn't figure out if I meant this or I was just horny, but either way I'd be fine with him taking me right here, right now. I glanced back behind me again when arguing was heard. I scoffed and went back to the window, moving the curtain and banging my fist against the glass. The stand worker and the customer both looked at me and got real awkward. I gave them a backwards look and flipped them off before shutting the curtain.

Russia was staring at me, and I could tell before he sighed and quickly look away when I glanced back at him.

"If I pay y-,"

"You're not going to pay me so I can fuck you."

"Why not? Uh, you're such a fuck kill. Would you do it for free?"

"No!"

"Hmph. What a waste of such a good view and tool."

"China!"

"Yeah, yeah, whatever."

I went back into the kitchen to mix his clothes again.

By the next hour I had his clothes hanging up to dry. They smelt a lot better and now clean. We sat on the couch for a while, not talking much, though we would have conversations here and there.

If I'm going to be honest, I'm still slightly disappointed at his down take on my offer.

Around 4 days later

I change my mind on him a bunch. Last night he told me he was going to leave to go find America. Im glad and slightly disappointed in his leaving. It had been a while since I've had any company, and it didn't even last too long. Though it was rather forced company. Oops.

We were laying on the couch together. I had moved to the other side away from him when we had our conversation last night. It was morning now. We both had been awake for a while, just quiet and slightly awkwardly laying there. My eyes kept going back to his bruised and red shoulders and neck. I crossed my arms and swallowed. I was honestly surprised I got him drunk enough.

This made me feel kind of bad now that I'm thinking about it, but his morning state is starting to tell me otherwise. I'm expecting a hangover but all im getting is tiredness and nervousness. I looked down at my wrists, blushing just slightly, not much of last night nor now was out of affection, but rather fun and sinful desires. Though, I have to admit, for a virgin? Holy shit 10 out of 10. TMI? Sorry.

Eventually Russia pushed himself up and began getting dressed. My eyes lightly rested on his still beautifully beat up body. I'd tell anyone I wouldn't go that far to find out so much about someone, but him? It think it's his fault. Something about him, I, I just can't figure it out. I do know he isn't the one, but he was sure fun.

"Thank you, China."

He spoke, now putting on his shoes. My eyes went to his face.

"...Yeah... hey, uh, be considered lucky. And not from last night, but what I'm about to say."

Russia paused and looked at me. Why did I feel so nervous telling him this? Maybe because it was corny? Cringe? I just have to spit it out.

"I'd like to see you again. Even if I kidnapped you, forced you to stay with me under gunpoint, almost got us killed, and forced you to do things you probably didnt want to do... this short time was a lot better than I thought it was going to be. But that could rather be

my loneliness talking."

I opened my mouth to speak again, but I wasn't sure how to put the rest of these emotions into words. He didn't say anything for a while, finished tying his shoes. He stood and stretched before breathing out heavily.

"Yeah... I, this was sure an experience, positive, negative, or just in between. I wouldn't be mad if I seen you again, though I won't be looking for you."

This hurt. Not much, but it did. It was hard to even begin a true thought because I know I would've said something really similar if that was me. He said it so positively and truthful, but also in a way that he didn't really care was conflicting.

Soon it was just me. Back to being alone once again. Like I've said, it was fun while it lasted. *But all good things come to an end.*

.....

AAAHHH, THIS CHAPTER. It is slightly all over the place but they needed to be split. Though maybe they will meet again, may or may not happen. Not too sure yet ☐☐♀☐ Anyways my lovely people, thank you and hope you enjoyed. Good morning, noon, evening, or night! <3

Word count: 3,428

Chtp. 10 - Gold and Silver Jewelry

[FIRST POV]

(7:38am)

:Russia

That was a mistake. Was it a bad thing? Uuh... not really? But I'm still mad at myself for even letting him get me drunk. I feel too many things at once and it's honestly hard to process.

I sighed aloud and pushed my hair back. I could feel myself already sweating. The foliage I had snuck back into was on the thicker side and wet. I shook my head, sweat building on my skin. My ears becoming incredibly itchy. Bugs were nipping at me, and it felt awful. Like a horse with horseflies.

Oh, how I wish I could teleport. And see America. I, I feel like I cheated on him in some sort of way, even though we *aren't* in a relationship and we've known each other for a week. Who knows, he could be a total piece of shit with no morals and is a huge cry baby. But I doubt it. That boy is abused. I frown at the thought. Getting to the 두 개의 반 kingdom is going to take forever. Forever, ever, ever.

Do we think I'll live? I didnt bring any food, and I have like, half a water bottle now. I groan and rub my face a little too hard. How can people live here?

I think I should be fine, I've gone like... a week without food? Probably the most unhealthy thing, but, it's okay.

Most of my walk was uneventful. Even with the lack of direct sun, I still felt gross and awful. I miss the snow. The cold feeling upon my skin. I was **not** made for this weather. Nor will I ever be, I have too much weight on me, and im quite heavy in hair. That sounds weird, but I mean by the hair on my head and chest. Its thick and curly,

inefficient for hot, sweaty, damp weather. I scoffed and looked around. I really didn't know where I was headed... still.

After a good hour or two of walking, I found myself a quite sketchy trail, path? I don't know. It's probably for the cult China mentioned. Anyways, I followed it. I chose right because right is always right, even though I'm left handed. It was a lot easier to follow but I felt more unsafe than I did before.

Somewhere down this path I found a tree, with a huge skull nailed into it with smaller skulls around it. And I tell you, I've never picked my pace up so fast. My papa would be proud, for like four seconds! Heh, yay.

The forest thinned but didn't end. I took my shirt off and by Gods I was sweaty as hell. *Eugh*. Gross.

....

SNAP!

Shit. I walked into a god damn trap. Now I was 30 feet in the air hanging upside down with a rope tightly around my ankle. Uhg, I'm either going to be a sacrifice or dinner, and I don't like either option. I crossed my arms and sighed. I probably looked so stupid. Imagine thinking you caught something smaller or just a lean dude because apparently everyone over here is skinny as fuck. Then finding a 200 pound man covered in 3 times amount of hair than you have that's sweaty and almost half naked. Speaking of that, my shirt is on the ground. In the mud.

I dangled there long enough I decided to try to pull myself up and at least try to undo the knot. But that was only because too much blood was flowing to my head and I was getting a major headache. My **big ass hands** were not any help. I don't even know how this rope is holding me up and I'm getting scared.

"...Oh my."

I jumped, well, not really? But that voice scared me. I looked down and probably a 100 pound dude was staring up in awe and confusion. I coughed,

"Uh, hey?"

He stepped back, thrown off probably by my accent, I hope.

"You don't belong here."

"No shit sherlock."

He did not like my response. I frowned.

"Can you let me down?"

"My daddy says russian are terrorists."

I'm sorry. What the fuck.

"No?"

"Yes."

"No."

"Yes."

"No!"

"My daddy would never lie."

"Well your 'DaDdY' is a fucking mole hill and a liar. Please let me down kid."

He gasped in offense and crossed his arms, looking away. I'm going to kill this child and eat *him* for food.

"I don't like your accent."

"The fuck you mean?? I can't control that. You know what, I don't like yours."

The boy frowned and stomped.

"My accent is beautiful you terrorist!"

"I'm not a terrorist!"

A huff and a puff this little scavenged wolf did and sat on the ground, ON my freakin' shirt bro. My life is horrible, and I'm never gonna live happily. Im so sad. So, so, so... so sad. I'm joking.

"Kid, please. I'll pay you, or something. What do you want? Gold?"

His eyes lit up and he stood.

"Yes! Yes! Let me get you down!"

I was let down, not carefully. I ate shit and got a bloody nose.

"Ow, could you not do that any safer."

The blood, wet and thin, dripped down my chin and hand. And not to mention, but my hips and back hurts now. The boy pulled down on my free arm.

"Gold! Gold!"

"Uhg, shut up."

I gave him 2 coins and he ran off. I picked up my shirt and waved it off. It was dirty now. Whatever. I need to find water, somewhere and somehow.

(8:29am)

So, there's been no luck. I just walked deeper into the damn forest. But I found a shed! With guns. Lots of them. And of couse like a good illegal citizen I am... I took one, and a handful of the correct bullets I think. Well. Now I have a gun! Do I know how to shoot one? Maybe. We'll see when that time comes. I know how to shoot a bow and arrow, but thats just because I'm was forced into archery because papa says it makes me look good for the ladies. Even though half the time the men are more interested.

Shame on him, women are needy, weak, and scary.

Im straight, and I have no idea what you're talking about.

I also ran away. I was not gonna still around long enough that I'd get killed. I have to live to see my future husband. No? Yeah, prolly jumping too far ahead. My bad.

But what if?

No, no, you're right. Let me find him first.

(10:47am)

YES. FUCK YEAH. OMG. YES.

I'm out of the forest.

So uh, yeah. Now all I see is field and easy head shots. And I'm not the one shooting. Maybe I should find a road.

...

That wasn't hard, there was one two feet in front of me. So, because I like living on the edge and in hard mode, I walked on the road. Also, I put my shirt back on because I didn't want to look like a pedophile. I didn't realize how out of place I look over here in this kingdom until I met that bitch ass kid. So, I am never talking to children again unless they're russian or french. Because who the hell cares about what the french think.

There's a small town coming up and I'm not thrilled. That did mean food I can steal and some water I can ask for. But that meant people that probably didn't know english or russian... fun. Fun times.

Walking into the town was the easy part. Women staring and men glaring at me wasn't easy. A lot of these people were short compared to me and skinny! Well, I'm skinny, but not this type. To be a man you've gotta be like bear. But I'm cheating, because I am a polar bear. But whatever my mother land calls for in a cub.

A lady, about 5'2"-ish? Maybe, I dunno. Came up to me.

"S-sir! You uh, lost here? Not from here?"

"Uh, yeah?"

"Oh! Come! Come!"

She grabbed my hand and dragged me into a house. I had to duck to fit through the door ways and not hit my head on the ceiling. A little girl sat on a chair in what I presumed their kitchen mixing something in a bowl. The lady gave me water. See, be as handsome as me and you can get anything. Maybe things you dont want, but you get a lot. I smiled slightly thankful and drank it. I didn't realize how thirsty I was. Jeez.

"You, you hungry? From travels? Got cow, sheep! Yes?"

"Uncooked?"

"...uh..."

"Raw?"

"Oh! Yes! Yes! Raw!"

The shortie ran off and came back with good sized raw meat. My stomach growled and I felt odd. Since trying raw meat for the first time with China, I've been *craving* it. I grinned and thanked her. She giggled and went to cleaning the house. I devoured that meat. I don't know if I even tasted it. But one thing I do know is that I'm going to have to eat so much so I can bulk up more for my hibernation periods. My hands were bloody and I had meat stuck between my teeth. I licked my fingers clean. I was still hungry. I swallowed hard and drank more water. I had to ignore that feeling because I'm afraid I might try and eat another person.

I stayed at this lady's house for a while. Till she gave me a small bag of foods wrapped and pushed me out. I thanked her and left. I was glad I'm getting away from others though. Hopefully it should lower my predatory instincts. Man, China really fucked me up, huh? Though I've always had issues like this I fear.

Time to walk more. And more... and probably some more.

[3 days later]

Quick recap, did a bunch of walking, slept in a cave, walked with a

homeless chick for a while till she stopped at some weird pond, then I found an old couple that let me hitch a ride in their waggon all the way to the edge of the 두 개의 반 kingdom. So uh, nothing really happened.

But I've never felt any better. I'm getting closer and closer. I do really hope he's okay. America is malnourished, weak for his state, and an avian around avian haters. Especially with the people Britian is allied with. I'm surprised he's even helping.

Now I have an issue. How am I supposed to get onto this kingdom's property and not die? A literal civil war is happening. And what sucks is that my papa is helping the opposite side from America. I think I need to follow the coast lines as best as I can and get to the ports. First things first, figure out how and where that is.

The guy showed me a map so I began down south east. That was the direction of the water. Though I don't think I'm too far. The weather over here isn't any better but it's less tropical rainforest dense and more wet thicker like trees? I don't know, but it's better than wherever I just was.

And soon enough I had reached water. Like I said, I was correct. Now I just needed to follow it a bunch and-

"Get those boxes moving now! Go! Quit slackin'!"

Oh crap. I hid back in the tree lines and moved closer. This port was closer than I thought. I can see though why it wasn't directly in the 두 개의 반 kingdom's lands. I looked at the huge ship, trying to see if America was on it. I had to inch closer. There was a lot of people and movement making it hard to focus on anything. I moved slightly deeper into the tree line and got close enough.

There.

[FIRST POV]

(9:58am)

:America

I've been moving these damn boxes for the past hour. What the hell

do you want from me old man. I struggled to pick of half of these and I want to cry.

A guy behind me had his hands tightly gripping my wing together and back and it hurt so bad. Many eyes were on me. This is stupid. Aren't I supposed to be doing something proper. Not risking my life as the eldest prince and possibly putting Canada as king. Not to be mean, and I fear he'd agreed, but Canada is quite mute and would be a struggle in public settings.

Another box was shoved into my arms. I stumbled back with a groan and passed it on. What could possibly be in here? When I did sorting all there was was beddings and paper. Though lots of paper can become heavy. But thats besides the point!

Slowly the boxes got off and we were all shoved off the boat. My wings got pulled, stepped on, pushed against. Oh, they are in pain. I pushed them down and around me. Thats better. I was slightly behind people so I got a sense of 15 second freedom. My mouth was covered and I was pulled down behind some boxes. I gripped my hands into the bigger arm and gasped. I didn't want to pull my claws out yet because that shit hurts. I watched as the crew slowly walked away and stopped by the boxes and transactioning them. Soon the hand slowly loosened.

That smell. Its familiar. I heard a huff and a swallow. Then a hand ran up my wing, gentle and smooth.

"You're alive."

Fuck.

I turned and pulled, looking at him. I covered my mouth.

"How, you, why, what."

What is happening. I'm hallucinating! Oh, yes, that must be it. But he frowned.

"America."

"...Why would you do this?"

Ah, fuck this man.

I felt his hands lightly hold my face. He stared, worried. I swallowed hard, I couldn't tell if I was more flustered or pissed off.

"Damnit Russia. You barely even know me. I, are you here just to-"

"America. You, you look awful. This isn't good for you."

He's... worried? No, he's just manipulating me. Oh, but what if he's not? I don't know what to do.

"I'm fine."

I tried pulling away but my body couldn't. My face had rested and pressed up against his hands more. I'm tired. Maybe he is right.

"You clearly aren't."

I wasn't going to argue with him.

"You need to leave Russia."

"Not without you."

So he's going to be stubborn, but he has a point. I would get in so much trouble though, is it really worth it?

"But, my dad will-"

"I don't care. And neither should you. You staying alive is your biggest priority. I know the type of people that are on that ship and I know what they might do to you and I don't want that to happen. If you get hurt or pass out it's over for you."

How- what. My binder. And, oh. He does have a big point. That made me scared. What they could do if they found out. That, *I need to leave*.

Russia's thumb lightly rubbed my cheek.

"Please, I beg of you."

My breath hitched. Beg? Oh please say that again. Oh sweet Jesus. I

swallowed hard and breathed out a shaky breath.

"...O- okay."

He smiled softly. I watched his eyes dart to my lips for a moment before looking at the crew. He was planning something, I hope it's as good as he looks.

"Alright, listen. There's an area under these docks that we can sit and wait for a moment. Once they move over more east we can go west down the water and hopefully get behind those boulders. After that we should be able to sneak into the tree lines and head north west."

I listened, nodding. His hands shifted on my face, as if he was hesitant to move. He swallowed. Russia, just do it already.

"Sounds easy enough."

I finally acknowledged. He nodded, looking back at the others.

"Good."

Only if I can get out of these shitty clothes I would feel 80% better. But I guess not. Russia grabbed my hand and helped pull me under the docks. I tucked my wings down and around me. It's hard to sneak around when you have six foot wings attached to you, twelve feet fully across. I shifted against him, our sides pushed together. It was darker, wet, and fishy down here. Though weirdly enough the fish smell made me hungry. But that could be the bird in me. Russia shifted and checked my hands.

I've never felt so cared for, I hope he stays around. Maybe love at first sight is a real thing. I hope it's true love.

"Your hands are covered in scratches. What were they making you do?"

He looked up at my face. I had to think for a moment. I have done a lot of things.

"Uhm, either packaging or building new crates. Neither were fun."

"Who the hell would call it fun?"

"You've got a point."

After that we stayed quiet. We could still hear people talking. I faced Russia and moved onto my knees. Down here was cramped. He stared at me like I was a goddess. Maybe when I'm all clean and half dressed, but fully clothed in dingy clothes and being incredibly dirty, I doubt it.

"I've had the worst two weeks of my life."

"Me too."

Glad we had that in common. He then frowned once again. I hate it when he did that.

"I was so worried. Anything could've happened. I thought I was gonna die, a handful of times. Corny enough... uh. Ahem, uh, you were my motivation."

He mumbled the last part a bit. I blush, forming a small smile. Aw, that's cute. And now I'm feeling warm. I fear he should kiss me already! Like, why not?

"That's sweet of you."

"Yeah, uh, sure."

The voices quieted down and we both glanced up. Immediately we slowly crawled out and fucking spirited. Damn he was fast! I stumbled and he caught me. We were behind these huge rocks.

"Jeez, who put these here."

I joked. Russia looked down at me funny.

"What?"

I frowned. He then chuckled. Maybe I am funny. Of course. His hands shifted on my hips. **Ah!** What?! He held me so easily and perfectly. I looked up at him.

"We both look like shit."

"I believe that. Do you also get bullied by little children?"

"Uh. What?"

I laughed quietly.

"I did by this little Chinese boy and he called me a terrorist."

I raised an eyebrow,

"Holy assumption."

Which was followed by my giggle. Russia sighed. He shook his head and held me more.

"Tell me about it."

His hands let go of me and went a step back.

"We should get going before it's too late."

"Uh, yeah."

I opened my mouth to say something but cut myself off. Should I just do it? Would he even feel the same back so early? He was currently staring at me, eyebrow slightly raised.

Fuck it.

I pulled him down by his collar and kissed him. I could feel him tense for a moment before immediately melting into me and grabbing me again. His lips were warm, maybe a little chapped, but who cares? Not me. He tasted like weed and berries. Oddly addicting.

We stumbled back slightly as we breathed and kissed again. I slowly wrapped my arms around his neck, grabbing onto his hair lightly and feeling it. I couldn't tell you how many times we kissed, but it was a lot. They were quite needy from the both of us so it made sense. Russia breathed and looked at me.

"You fucker. Don't."

He kissed me again.

"-take my-"

Another kiss. This time more aggressive. I didn't let him pull away and kissed him deeper. I looked up slightly more. We both were getting out of breath. I swallowed, drool and saliva stringing from our mouths. Russia wiped the drool from my mouth and kissed my lips gently this time.

"Don't take my job."

I blushed and just stared. He smiled sweetly and hugged me. It was a nice hug, I haven't got one of those in a while. Very different affection than what just happened, but I'm here for it if I'm going to get both.

We finally moved our feet into the tree line. I just followed him because what else would I do?

"Where are we going?"

"Well, there's this older house I found a shit ton of miles away we can stay in. One floor, bunch of hay, the doors and windows lock though."

"Oh, sounds sketchy."

"Everything I've done since leaving my castle has been sketchy. This is probably the tamest thing I've done in the past 2 weeks."

That sounds awful. I'd rather have my wings chopped off than mix both our weeks together in a hell hole then experience it. I shivered at the thought.

As we walked we caught up a bunch. A lot of what Russia gone through honestly felt like a fever dream. How is this man's life real? Real question, how is **he** real. Luckily he is.

I should probably stop glazing him. Sigh.

Serious note though, we went through more in two and a half weeks than I do in a month. Speaking of that, ive beeb out it sea for almost a month, how is he only two and a half weeks in when we left the day after Inwas sent away?

"Don't you mean almost a month?"

I asked. Russia looked at me confused then I could imagine as if a light bulb lit up above his head.

"Ah, yeah. So I go through these hibernation periods and ended uo going through one wasting about ten days I believe, or eight. I don't remember."

"Hibernation periods? So you are just like a bear, but just in fashioned snipits. Wouldnt that mean you're hungry all the time when it happens? Or does your human side nature not follow that?"

He nodded.

"I eat three times more than I do regularly during hibernation periods. It's kind if scary how much I eat then just pass out for days, which, by the way, can last from three days to almost a month."

"A month?!"

"Yeah."

I blinked. Thats a long time I did not like. He looked at me, then sighed.

"Though most the time I can decide when they happen. Though the longer I wait the longer they last."

Relief? Still bad.

"I don't like that."

"Too bad short stack, I don't like it either. But it happens."

Did I forget to mention it was hot. Uh, yeah, it's like that by the way.

"Don't call me that you wet teddy bear."

"Wet teddy bear? I fear I'm not the one getting wet."

I gasped, embarrassed but flustered.

"What the hell is wrong with you! Ew!"

I scoffed. Uhg, I'm going to have to put him in the bucket to wash with his dirtiness. He laughed. A deep rumble but rich with money. What a total scumbag.

"Whatever, how far away are we?"

"I don't know? Maybe three miles?"

"Three miles?! Gods, carry me at this point."

"Okay."

"What."

I yelped in surprised. Russia swiped me up princess style. I held onto his shoulder and neck.

"I was joking... but I guess this is okay..."

"I know!"

I frowned. He sounded way too happy. My wings wrapped around us. My right curled forward against me, while the other moved behind Russis and wrapped arlund his back and waist. I pretty much was hokding us together.

For how long we carried me for, I must've been real light to him. Because when I woke from slumber we were in that shack house thing he was talking about. I rubbed my face and shifted. I found him wrapped around my waist with his face in my neck. I smiled and wrapped myself more around him. I yawned and fell back asleep.



Word count: 4042

Hey lovelys! I had been busy and I just hadn't had the time to make this chapter. So sorry lol. Anyways, since you got that lovey dovey shit you won't get more untill you're old.

Jk. Anyways. I started a new story, which is an original! Its called 'Sports in Action' and is based off of two females, Roxanne and Rebecca, learning how to live through the world at a new start! If you want to know more I'd go read my long description for it (sorry if it feels like a TLDR).

Alright, have a good morning, evening, afternoon, and night!
<3